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The British Dilemma, by F. C. S. Schiller, on page 998

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Censorship

MASSACHUSETTS has condemned as immoral and obscene Dreiser's "American Tragedy," New York has refused to censor "The Well of Loneliness." Conversely (or perversely), a New York jury, sitting under a Connecticut judge, has declared the author of a book on sex education, which was admittedly written with the best of motives and sponsored by the most responsible authorities, to be guilty of obscenity. How to argue abstract justice from such a medley is a problem—or rather an impossibility. The common law, we are told, is based ultimately on common sense. In the present confusion, it seems that men and women who wish to clear their minds in this important subject will have to leave the law with its technical quibbles, its antiquated social sense, and its imperfect adjustments to the *mores* of a life which it is supposed to serve, and go back to common sense for their conclusions.

But can there be any agreement as to what *is* common sense in such matters? There can be this much agreement. How the law reads is of little importance for thinking. It may be changed by the next legislature. What cannot be easily changed is the force of convictions and the power of prejudice which operate in the law and out of it.

By convictions are meant such deep-going beliefs, inculcated in childhood, as that morality belongs to the church; that birth control is a sin; that sex questions must not be discussed in print except by ecclesiastical authority; that since the flesh is the Old Adam and of the devil, the processes of the flesh must stay in darkness and have no place in literature, which is of the light; that representations of life on the stage or in the novel may deal with murder or robbery, but not with sexual aberration, except indirectly.

* * *

If such convictions exist they will press for action; they will naturally and infallibly strive to put down their opposites by law, precisely as the forces of autocracy and aristocracy used every means of legal censorship in the early nineteenth century to keep down the "liberals" who believed in representative government. In such a conflict, the question at issue will not be an act (even though an act, such as the publication of a book, raises the issue), it will be opinion. Hence the irrational severity of judgment against books which in themselves could offend only the prim or the bigoted. It is opinion that is on trial.

Prejudice is not very different in origin, but operates upon another plane. Prejudice in these questions of sex, which today happen to be the subject of censorship instead of religion and politics as in the past, is a habit, rather than a conviction. It comes from tabus, imposed by a community and accepted in youth without question, so that in later life any breach of the tabu causes an emotional reaction quite outside the realm of reason.

The American tabu has been upon the "facts of sex" in print, or orally in mixed company. To tell a dirty story in a livery stable was manly; to mention the word "prostitute" in polite company was a "break"; to print it immoral. Viewed differently, the American tabu was a means of keeping print and general conversation cleaner, less gross, than in Europe. Take it either way, the effect in the area of dispute is the same. Those that inherit this prejudice find it difficult to judge fairly as to what is decent or indecent in serious literature, except by an exercise of all their powers of reason. If they encounter a phrase which the tabu did not permit, it is hard for them to consider the relation of that phrase to truth and fitness, its place in the intent of the whole work. Their emotional reactions cloud their judgment. They suffer from the fact of a word, precisely as they suffer from the sting of a hyperdermic needle regardless of the doctor's purpose. As long as prejudice of this kind exists, it will be hard to make good laws and apply them wisely. Only one "realistic book" is safe, and that is the Bible, because it was always excepted from the tabu.

The argument for the individual is clear enough. Let him forget generalities of law and previous custom, and clear his own mind whenever a case involves his own beliefs or his own experience. Let

(*Continued on page* 996)

Eterna Poetae Memoria

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THE concierge at the front gate where relatives
Two and a half till four Mondays and Fridays
Do not turn always to look at the hospital
Brown now and rusty with sunlight and bare
As the day you died in it, stump knee green,
'Le ciel dans les yeux' and the merciful priest with the wafer
Forgiving you everything—you!—the concierge hadn't
Heard of your name. Rimbaud? Comment s'écrit ça—Rimbaud.
But Sidis the, well, American dealer in manuscripts,
Sidis has got the original ink decree:
Verlaine versus Verlaine (Divorce) with your name as
How do we say between gentlemen—anyway all
O. K., the facts, the actual story.

Men remember you, dead boy,—the lovers of verses.

This Week

"Understanding Women."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"Cavender's House."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"Dark Star."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"Psyche."
A REVIEW.

"The Bowling Green."
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"Little Remains to Be Told."
By ELMER DAVIS

"A Preface to Morals."
Reviewed by CHARLES A. BENNETT.

A Poet at War*

By F. V. MORLEY

THIS review is belated, but that is no disadvantage in dealing with a book of permanent value. The first flush of excitement is over, the first blare of advertising has died away—that flush, which in those who want to be quoted is like a red feverish rash, and that blare, so inappropriate when a title is "Undertones." Edmund Blunden, warm-hearted, eager Blunden, as willing as ever was Socrates to be silent about himself while giving his friends a leg-up to glory—Blunden, at one time thought of for the Brothers' Club because of his instant sympathy with every Grub Street man of bygone London, to whom came bailiffs more often than came bay leaves—have these full-page "ads" happened to thee, E. B.? There are embarrassments beyond the ken of advertisers, and one, I suspect, is here. But there is also a consolation. The exuberance over "Undertones of War" may shock an author who remembers, with pity rather than pride, how he and his companions crawled round Ypres on their bellies; but it is not unhealthy. Though the advertising-artist's notion of war doesn't quite gibe with the description in the book, the fact that the war rates full-page "ads" is all right. Not so long ago it didn't rate them; that was the unhealthy time. There is nothing in those I have been looking at which is so startling as the inconspicuous, apologetic "blurb" on Tomlinson's "Waiting For Daylight" when it was first published in London. Perhaps few remember that publisher's "blurb." It is best forgotten.

The transition from the disgusting apologias a few years back to the confidence in full-page "ads" today seems less and less unhealthy, the more one thinks about it. In each case the publisher is thinking of the subject; not, or not primarily, of the writer. And in each case he is merely reflecting what he can see of the public's face. Thus we can put it this way: a civilian public, for years not only ashamed and indifferent about the war, but jealous† of the soldier and suspicious of his angers, is ready now to receive a war book no more unwillingly than any other. The market is open; it is that which is good. This is the first time that publishers have been induced to see it. There will be more and more war books, for a season, the poor struggling to snug in with the good, the good sure of a chance to outlive the bad, if they can reach not only study circles, but the troops.

I would like to record that I think a strange thing will happen; that being not unwilling, we shall be given books of which we may be unworthy. I think of one to come—Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." It is not a gentleman's book; it is humbling and humiliating, as is the Bible. I warn any who care to remember that great and terrible things may happen when a man has traversed the waste land and comes out living. I warn those who have been asking for literature, that it may come.

It is best to be quiet. Sometimes I am astonished at what may happen this year. It is the first that we have had anything like a chance for reading about

* UNDERTONES OF WAR. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. New York: Doubleday-Doran. 1929. $3.50.

† Herbert Read's observation in *The Criterion* (April, 1929) is excellent: "We are jealous of the other man's experience when it might have been our own, even, and perhaps especially, if it was tragic experience."

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the war; let us patiently examine how war-experience can be communicated. The novel gives the greatest opportunity for selecting and arranging episodes of universal meaning; of novels, we shall see Remarque's, and Tomlinson's, and Sassoon's continuation of the "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man"—no two presenting the same aspect, but all of the first rank. Apart from novels, what else? There might be documents. I am not aware that documents have been collected from the troops, to any extent; yet it is worth seeing what documents can tell. Here is one, on tiredness in war:

> The tiredness is not physical, not worky-worky tiredness. One does little continuous work. A steady struggle with bodily spasms is enormously telling, and the little more than humanly possible, done at intervals, is what kills. It is galloping consumption through extreme nervous agitation. It is a roaring wasting sickness.
>
> The stages of tiredness are these:
>
> 1. Fear (sudden). Terror, or a confused anger.
> 2. Extreme nervous riot and self-discipline.
> 3. Fear (steady except for crevasses where sudden sobs may occur).
> 4. Shuddering and quaking of the muscles of the jaw and the thighs.
> 5. Collapse and languor in the biceps and the legs. I think, though I can't swear to it, there is a flux from debility. One sits down, or maybe vomits, and feels all over filthy.
> 6. The stomach yawns and then nausea and cold shivers.
> 7. Equilibrium supervenes, the body greatly weakened but submissive to the will and the absolute necessity of further exhaustion, seen as without end.
> 8. Automatic movement, stupor and loss of a sense of landscape. Sight is wooden and short. This lasts a long time. Constipation.
> 9. The eyes gape. They look like fishes'. The mind is rolled up like a hedgehog. One goes where one is told.
> 10. Sits down. Despairs and is killed or taken prisoner or neither. It is all the same then.
>
> At all stages after 1, two and two make four. At all stages up to 10 (excluding this) I believe immediate danger is capable of arousing enormous energies.
>
> At all stages excepting 6 (I believe one is very near death at this point; but it ends as I say in a sudden shiver, the back of the mouth full of spittle, and it is over with a kind of choked snort) and 10, extreme self-sacrifice is always possible to some, general heroism to many less.
>
> This is a purely personal self-analysis. Food of course must be little or none; sleep little or none. Opportunities

That is one form of communication. In this instance it transcends the "purely personal." Thoughtful men, without experience of war, may recognize parts of it. But such ability to analyze is extremely rare. A document like this might release another; a collection might be formed; but I am not aware of one.

Less dangerously difficult than novels or documents is the intermediate personal narrative or journal form of writing. Like any other form of writing this may or may not be a work of art; it will be, if it communicates experience by selection of significant detail, of detail which is invested with universal meaning; if there is "balance of truth in observing, with the imaginative faculty in modifying, the objects observed; and above all the gift of spreading the tone, the atmosphere, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world around forms, incidents, and situations, of which, for the common view, custom has dimmed all lustre." The form of the journal is not necessarily exacting, but the gift of grace is always rare, and it may never be out of season to point to authentic examples. An instance from November 9, 1918:

> Even my bookshelves seem strange to-night. They look remarkably like a library I saw once in a house in Richbourg S. Vaast, which, you may remember, was a village near Neuve Chapelle. Those French volumes also survived from circumstances that had past. They were litter. They had been left behind. I doubted whether, if I tried, I could touch them. They were not within my time. That was on a day more than three years ago—it was July, 1915—and Richbourg then had just left this world. There was a road without a sign of life; not a movement, except in one house. The front of that house had gone, exposing the hollow inside, the collapsed floors and hanging beams, and showing also a doll with a foolish smirk caught in a wire and dangling from a rafter. The doll danced in hysteric merriment whenever hidden guns were fired. That was the only movement in Richbourg S. Vaast, and the guns made the only sound. I was a survivor from the past, venturing at peril among the wreckage and hardly remembered relics of what used to be familiar. Richbourg was possessed by the power which had overwhelmed it, and which was reforming it in a changing world. To what was the world changing? There was no clue, except the oppression of my mind, the shock of the guns, and the ecstatic mockery of mirth over ruin by that little idiot doll.
>
> Beyond the sloughing and leprous tower of Richbourg Church, where the ancient dead in the graveyard had been brought to light again, there was a house which seemed in being. I entered it, for I was told by a soldier companion that from a displaced tile in its roof I might see La Bassée. I looked through that gap, and saw La Bassée. It was very near. It was a terra-cotta smudge. It might have been a brickfield. But it was the Enemy.
>
> What I chiefly remember to-day is only the floor of that upper room from which, through a gap in its wall, I saw the ambush of the enemy. On the floor were scattered, mixed with lumps of plaster, a child's alphabetical blocks. A shoe of the child was among them. There was a window where we dared not show ourselves, though the day was fair without, and by it was an old bureau, open, with its pad of blotting-paper, and some letters, all smothered with fragments of glass and new dust. A few drawers of the desk were open, and the contents had been spilled. Round the walls of the room were bookcases with leaded diamond panes. Whoever was last in the room had left sections of the bookcase open, and there were gaps in the rows of books. Volumes had been taken out, had been dropped on the floor, put on the mantelpiece, or, as I had noticed when coming up to the room, left on the stairs. One volume, still open face upwards, was on the bureau.
>
> I barely glanced at those books. What could they tell me? What did they know about it? Just as they were, open on the floor, tumbled on the stairs, they were telling me all they could. Was there more to be said? Sitting on a bracket in the shadow of a corner, a little bust of Rousseau overlooked the scene with me. In such a place, at such a time, you must make your own interpretation of the change, receiving out of the silence, which is not altered in nature by occasional abominable noises, just whatever you wish to take. There the books are, and the dust on them is of an era which abruptly fell; is still falling.

Rare indeed is the richness, the working under full compression, the mastery of directing feeling, of Tomlinson. A journal of such impressions might, as a whole, be unshaped; it would in any case last as a string of clouded rubies; the powerful communication takes place locally.

It is in this form, dominated, so far, in English war books, by Tomlinson (who speaks not as a soldier, but as a mature observer of the earlier years of the war), that Blunden shapes his memories, recapturing the feeling of an officer in the infantry up to 1917; an officer who was scarcely more than a boy,—he came of age the year the journal stops. We follow him to France in 1915; our initiation is his own:

> no news came. At last a small straggling group of those unfortunate selected soldiers blundered dazedly round the trench corner into Port Arthur, and lay down in the first shelter available, among them Sergeant Compton, a brave and brilliant young fellow. All too eagerly I asked him, as I brought out to the sweating and twitching wretches whatever refreshment my dugout held, "What things were like"; in a great and angry groan he broke out, "Don't ask me—it's terrible, O God—" Then, after a moment, talking loud and fast: "We were in the third line. I came to a traverse, got out of the trench, and peeped; there was a Fritz creeping round the next traverse. I threw a bomb in; it hit the trench side and rolled just under his head; he looked down to see what it was . . ." He presently said that the attack had failed.

There are, throughout, unforgettable scenes. So far as possible his memory avoids what was shambling and ugly, the extremes of horror and obscenity. He does his best to keep his eye for courage and devotion, as in the midst of the riot at Dombarton Lakes. The lakes were "a swamp with a dry crust of a surface, and tree stubs here and there offering substantial foothold. Already there was a marked track across, and shells were thundering and smoking along it . . . we looked silently at one another, and went. We immediately passed two men just killed, the sweat on their faces, and with shouts of uncontrol we leaped for life through the shelling and the swamps. . . . Beyond, one of my signallers whom I had not seen lately approached us, and showed the inimitable superiority of man to fate by speaking, even then and there, of the German artillery's brilliance. 'Never did see such shelling,' he said. It was exactly as if he had been talking of a fast bowler, or art for art's sake. . . ." Where what he tells is sickening, a sentimental reader might think him callous; but in reality, in his effort for detachment there is a tenderness more deep and painful than any superficial gush of sentiment. Though younger than R. H. Mottram, he represents, and seems to me to represent even more adequately, what is spiritually the same generation; not the last generation of all (for there were, spiritually, several generations in the war) which seems to me still more pitifully burnt out, and which, if it is to find expression (I should say one representative in England was Wilfred Owen; others, now living, are Herbert Read and T. E. Shaw, once Colonel Lawrence; and in Germany, Remarque) must speak in a manner still more searing.

Blunden was obviously an admirable man at the front; one more example that enduring courage is a matter not of physique but of spirit. He is at his best in describing action. Behind the lines one is conscious of personality, of his being somebody not oneself. The particular books he carries with him, the particular affection for place-names and localities, the "harmless shepherd" touches, are not always expanded into things of universal significance, as are the details in the extraordinary passage quoted from Tomlinson. I wish to be quite clear that this is not dispraise on any low plane. Blunden is a very gifted writer. If one cannot quite match the very best moments of Tomlinson or Sassoon, it is nevertheless not such a bad life if one comes near them. It is, in a way, the coming near them which is disturbing. Behind the lines with Blunden there is much that is allusive, mainly to be relished by the caste of writing men, and by comrades, friends of Blunden, in his own army. The prose behind the lines might not translate with ease; not all of it might carry into another climate or another time. But there is no dissociation when he writes of action. There we are carried with him, and see what he sees, feel what he feels, without intervention. That is a great achievement.

Unpedestalling Women

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN. By K. A. Wieth-Knudsen. New York: Elliot Holt. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

SOME readers will condemn this book because of its conclusions, and some despite them; others will condemn it for different reasons. Among them will be readers critical and readers casual, readers oriented scientifically and readers disposed sentimentally towards this most persistent of discussions since the serpent spoke
Eden, or (if an historical date is pre

tain that until the eternal feminin
tled, there is not much use in writing on anything less important.

In so intensely controversial an issue, a personal confession seems demanded as a warrant of the reader's confidence. I regard the subject as of momentous significance, its discussion indispensable to clarity of vision upon the leading issues of the day and (with diminishing pertinence) of the ages. I regard this book as important because it is a serious and objective (in its intent, scientific) study of the relations of men and women. I dissent from its central conclusions strongly, while approving of its approach and some of its incidental positions.

The book takes it start from the question of a puzzled Japanese scholar as to why European men treat and regard their women with a respect tinged with adoration. It concludes that by this unnatural homage the European white man, the Nordic especially, has earned the dire doom that awaits his civilization; "and if his intellect now at the eleventh hour does not recognize the true nature and extent of the danger, and oppose it in a sweeping reaction against all this farrago of feminism, pernicious alike to Man, Woman, and Child, fatal to culture as no other 'movement,' a curse and a poison to all that has been built up in the sweat and blood of our race for the security of mankind's frail life upon earth—well, then the white man has seen his best days."

The "*Carthago delenda est*" of Dr. Wieth-Knudsen is that woman must be dethroned from her pedestal; with a sort of serious good humor he wields his ax and enjoys the crash as the fragments fall. America is the worst offender, but the same rotten state exists in his own Denmark; and were the term current there, he might have called his essay: "Debunking Woman." That there is a well used bibliography of over a hundred references shows how amply the study is documented.

It proceeds by considering the biological sex-characteristics, primary and derivative, which prove convincingly that woman is the weaker, more primitive, less developed organism; and with bodily frailty is associated a still more comprehensive repertory of psychic, including mainly intellectual, ineptitude. This thesis of the grosser and finer contrasts of the

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masculine and feminine body and mind—soma and psyche—I heartily endorse, and agree that these differences are more fundamental and far-reaching—of greater depth and breadth—than even our modern psychology has recognized. The contrary thesis that men and women are substantially alike, so dear to certain educational (?) psychologists, and so popular with editors of popular magazines, has disseminated a fallacy which will with difficulty be dislodged. It is based on the argument that all tests, from I. Q's to Phi Beta Kappa keys, show slight contrasts of distribution, forgetting that nature's program of intelligence is not that of the schoolmen and her consideration of Greek-letter insignia negligible. In a recent popular article an able "social psychologist" argues that the woman problem is a myth; that because the manner in which the powers and ways of women have been incorporated in institutions does not correspond to the traditional version of their qualities, said qualities do not exist. I am pleased to record that three out of four intelligent persons to whom I put the question: What is wrong with this argument? promptly pointed out that glaring fallacy. Yet most readers will be completely misled. The basic conclusion that men and women are day by day and in every way more different and more different, may be adopted as a slogan, despite the fact that the modern world is determined to see those differences rightly and prevent them from introducing false inequalities or unwise disqualifications into the social system. In carrying out this program there is abundant room for folly, political, economical, and social, from the most intimate to the most formal relations.

The intimate aspects of the sexual relation are next examined with the conclusion that the frigidity and sexual indifference of the modern woman is a sign of degeneracy, and is a consequence of that false development of the woman's sphere for which feminism is the handiest collective name. The story of marriage through the ages is next passed in review with further historical proof that it proceeded favorably, however variably, just so far as the woman's was recognized. The interplay nature and her other endowments of value. The last chapter in the " which is not an economic move- ly an emancipation from subjec- subjected because by nature she holds a subject place), but a misguided bit of masculine generosity.

Man sets woman on a pedestal when he carries to excess "two of his noblest and most honorable virtues: his trust in woman's good qualities, and his leniency, born of the sense of strength toward her weaknesses, till these virtues became vices amid which his civilization will languish." Such is the answer to the disconcerting question asked by his Japanese friend, twenty years ago.

It is well to have this side of the question stated and a bit overstated, so long as it is done, as it is here, in a reasonably scientific way, and with no more than the ordinary human animus. I find the arraignment of feminine failings and failure strong but not venomous. It is free from the equally devastating assaults of Ludovici who calls his book on "Man" "An Indictment," and on "Woman" "A Vindication," though women readers find the subtitles reversed. It is equally free from the oversexualism of Lucka, and believe it or not, neither in the frankly *intime* discussion of sex-relations nor in the diagnosis of feminine character—in fact not once in the entire book—is Freud mentioned. One must likewise infer that the author is indifferent to all the recent intensified consciousness on the subject of sex and the relations of the sexes; that so far as he would recognize it, he would regard it as baneful and misplaced, as interfering with the worthier aspects of life's obligations.

Dr. Wieth-Knudsen's intent is that we shall see women as they are and not in a sentimental distortion, which is not a halo but a bit of fog. And he adds that women are aware of all or much of this, and that if, following Kipling with a different reference, you "will learn about women from her," you will get the true story as here told in yet stronger, franker, and somewhat malicious terms.

The reviewer's primary obligation is to present the author's position; and to this end the keen and admirable foreword of Mr. Ernest Boyd may be recommended, though it is not easy to infer the measure of Mr. Boyd's approval or dissent. Part of the confusion surrounding this intriguing enigma of the ages is the result of asking two questions at the same time and attempting a dual answer. The first relates to the true nature of woman and her distinctive qualities; the second: these being what they are, what is her proper place in the social system of control? The fact that we read her "nature" in the historical assignment of her "place" is an additional confusion; and that history is both made and written largely by men, still further complicates matters.

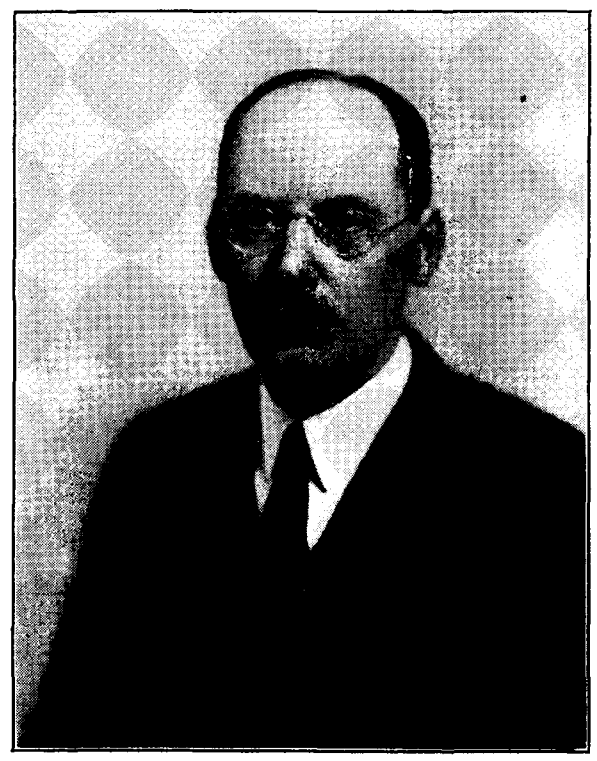
The trend of the modern way of living is bound to set our thinking toward a more authentic determination of feminine nature and a wiser solution of the part women can and should play in the interests of civilization. At the risk of being classified by Dr. Wieth-Knudsen as an incorrigible feministic weakling, I record my conviction that the part of women will be an increasingly important one, and that the idealizing trend—doubtless pernicious in its sentimental vagaries—is an essential ingredient in the redemption of civilization from the masculine, all too masculine protest. But to make clear the basis for this position would require a modest volume.

Essential Robinson

CAVENDER'S HOUSE. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT is a curious circumstance that Edwin Arlington Robinson, who is New England—and contemporary New England—to the granite bone, should so frequently be contrasted with two nineteenth century English poets. His manner has been likened to Browning; his matter (particularly the Arthurian themes) to Tennyson. The comparison to Browning, though superficial and inaccurate, is at least comprehensible. The author of "Merlin," like the author of "Sordello," delights in subtly psychological portraiture, in the half-withheld inner drama, in the shift of suspensions and nuances of tension. But here the resemblance ceases. Where Browning is forthright, Robinson is tangential;



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

where Browning is lavish with imagery and flaring interjections, Robinson is sparse in metaphor and so niggard with words that almost every phrase is twisted forward, backward, and tied into verbal knots before he discards it. But the principal dissimilarity lies in their *Weltanschauung;* here they are diametrically opposed. Where Browning regards the universe compact of sweetness and light, Robinson observes a scheme whose chief components are bitterness and blight; the realm where "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world" becomes (as in the significantly entitled "The Man Against the Sky") a place where:

> *He may go forward like a stoic Roman*
> *Where pangs and terrors in his pathway lie—*
> *Or, seizing the swift logic of a woman,*
> *Curse God and die.*

Robinson's characters are, it is obvious, the projection and amplification of his characteristics. They are his philosophy made flesh. One can no more imagine Browning the creator of Bewick Finzer, Richard Cory, Miniver Cheevy, Roman Bartholow than one can imagine Robinson creating Pippa, Hervé Riel—or Marianna of the Moated Grange. Even Robinson's Arthurian figures are as unlike the parfit, gentil knights and stained glass ladies of the "Idylls of the King" as they are unlike the eloquent, self-dramatizing *dramatis personae* of "Men and Women." "Tristram" showed Robinson was anything but a converted Tennyson; "Cavender's House," which (the critics to the contrary) might have been built on the same Cornwall cliffs, shows he is no inverted Browning.

"Cavender's House" is a double story, or rather it is two stories, one coiled darkly within the other. The "outer" narrative concerns a man (Cavender) who has come back to a house "where no man went," revisiting the scene because of a compulsion that is also conscience. Thus murderers return to the scene of their crime—and Cavender, it is plain, is a murderer. In that half-teasing, half-tortuous manner, reminiscent of the early "Captain Craig," the narrator discloses the futility of the crime with its hideous aftermath: its physical finality and its unresolved perpetuity. Cavender in a nightmare of uncertainty, has killed his wife Laramie—and the dead Laramie, or her wraith, is the most living part of Cavender. It is here that the second story, the psychic parallelism, begins. Cavender's anguish or his memory summons Laramie and they converse. But it is an altered woman who holds out the few bitter "drops of hope" in that room where "midnight was like a darkness that had fingers," where the barren house was alive with triumph, "but none of it was his." It is no longer the pale ghost of a patient woman who alternately fires and freezes him, who asks:

> Why are we made
> So restless and insatiable in change,
> That we must have a food that is not ours.
> And having poured the vinegar of suspicion
> On food that once we found so appetizing,
> Why in the name of heaven are we amazed
> To find it not so sweet.

Gradually the reader is aware that this agonizing dialogue is no dialogue at all, or rather that is a conversation conducted by one person. Laramie, thrown violently out of his life, has entered Cavendish and is in complete possession; "she was the part of him that he had left and wandered from, and, wandering, had starved for." Yet it is not Laramie whose voice he thinks he hears; the ghostly apparition is hers, but the accents are his own. The questions—particularly the one question—hurled against her compel no answers, for she, being his own frustration, cannot tell him what he does not know. The end is no spectacular finale; there is no crying curtain, only—

> a peace that frightened him
> With wonder, coming like a stranger, slowly,
> Without a shape or name, and unannounced—
> As if a door behind him in the dark,
> And once not there, had opened silently,
> Or as if Laramie had answered him.

So much for the intricate structure. But, rewarding as the unfolding of the tale may be, it is the sheer poetry of it that compels and convinces. Compare it, for example, to the latest work of Edgar Lee Masters with whom Robinson is so frequently paired. In "The Fate of the Jury,"* Masters also has a story to tell and one which is as dramatic, as philosophic, and even fuller than Robinson's. But, poetically, it is feeble and, in the end, vitiating; Masters has little control over his words, they control him so far that he cannot bring them to the pitch that is poetry; the syllables that should condense in tone and shapeliness are merely sawed-off into rude pentameter lengths. The following is a typical speculation of Masters:

> . . . And few of us
> Have any one, or any book to guide
> Our way when we are headed towards results,
> This good, that bad. But then I must confess,
> I felt at times that Elenor lived a life
> As good as many, or as any maybe.
> Her case so much increased my skepticism,
> And made me resurrect old speculations
> On proofs of immortality, to illustrate,
> Where, as you know, the proofs are paralleled
> By just as many proofs that death's the end. . . .

And this is a not dissimilar inquiry from "Cavender's House":

> There are still doors in your house that are locked;
> And there is only you to open them,
> For what they may reveal. There may be still
> Some riches hidden there, and even for you,
> Who spurned your treasure as an angry king
> Might throw his crown away, and in his madness
> Not know what he had done till all was done.
> But who are we to say when all is done?
> Was ever an insect flying between two flowers
> Told less than we are told of what we are?

* THE FATE OF THE JURY. By EDGAR LEE MASTERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

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Here, it seems to me, is a current and downright proof that, whatever the definition of poetry may be, poetry itself has little to do with rhyme and metre. The first quotation, in spite of its determined form, remains plodding and awkward prose; the second, also, in spite or irrespective of its form, suddenly reaches another altitude. The lift (or intensity) of thought and feeling carry the words beyond thought, even beyond feeling; the words enter that other dimension which is poetry. Here meanings lie beyond "meaning," here sense and sound, sense and essence are one.

This poetic ascent is continuous in all of Robinson, in no work more pointedly than "Cavender's House." Behind the austere introspections, the half-lit silences, the syntactical convolutions, a richness that is part tone, part texture, manifests itself. It is a reticent color that, in the midst of darkness—a darkness in which this poem is dyed—makes itself somehow felt, now in a flicker of wit, now in a page of music, now in a philosophical aside like:

> Sometimes a woman
> Will only smile and ask you to keep warm
> When the wind blows. You do not see her face
> When you are gone, or guess what's in her mind . . .
> It's a pity
> And a great shame, and a malevolent
> Extravagance, that you should find that out
> So often only when calamity
> Comes down upon you like a broken house
> To bring the news.

But more than any other feature, "Cavender's House" reveals Robinson's restless, uncertain but persistent search for moral values. This quest—and questioning—of ultimates runs through the story, as it seems to be running through an age no longer satisfied with skepticism. Even the brilliant discoverer of The Wasteland cannot live in the limbo he explored; it is significant that the same year should disclose Eliot turning to a faith beyond intellect and Robinson driving past reason to find

> . . . there must be God; or if not God
> A purpose and a law.

There is still, though less disturbingly than usual, the grammatically involved Robinson, the Robinson who seems to have a perverse pleasure in writing sentences as contorted as:

> There might be so much less for us to learn,
> That we who know so little, and know least
> When our complacency is at our best,
> Might not learn anything.

But this is an exceptionally calisthenic construction and, for the most part, the new poem proceeds without such verbal back-somersaults. Less panoplied than "Tristram," less dramatic than "The Man Who Died Twice," "Cavender's House" is simpler but no less characteristic of its author. It is, in accent and authority, essential Robinson, one of his major creations and one which has the deep breath of permanence.

Passionate Action

DARK STAR. By Lorna Moon. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

PLOTS and passions are coming into their own again. The smooth eventless surface of the psychological novel where everything that happened happened below the level of consciousness has finally cracked with strain. This season's novels, especially this season's novels by women, throw up a veritable barrage of passionate action. The response to life, in fiction, is no longer introspection and inhibition. Love betrays, children are nameless, the life of another or one's own may be repudiated with the slow pressed pillow or the quick leap from a cliff.

Of sharp objective happenings against which human passions break with the futile intensity and ephemeral beauty of sea-spray "Dark Star" is compounded. Fate is granted her part: she holds the tether ropes that uncoil so elastically at free will until a sudden shattering halt makes clear that so far and no farther man's little run extends. There is a clean-cut story in this first novel of Lorna Moon: the story of Nancy Pringle, from her too casual birth to her considered death,—Nancy who was born under a dark star and whose life was to be passed under its sombre radiance. But with Nancy's story comes also the story of her village, "the dour streets and dour lives of Pitouie." The people of this squalid little town have superimposed on their quite modern realism a touch also of the legendary. Their names and their activities reach one as across an enhancing distance. They seem to have been long before "Dark Star" was written. It is perhaps this quality of remoteness that has thus quickly given the book a favored place rather outside the immediate intimacy of the usual best-seller.

The moving cause in Nancy's life, drawing the many and highly differentiated characters into a tightly bound whole, is her desire and need to know who her father was. Her mother had found, simultaneously, life, the young lord of Fassefern, and Willy Weames the groom, alike too fascinating to be resisted. Paternity became obscured. Nancy's life is a quest for spiritual heritage. Is she a Fassefern with a blood right to the pride that refuses life on life's terms, or is she the daughter of a Weames who leads, perhaps eternally, stallions from fair to fair?

Nancy's life falls into episodes. After a few years with her mother, terminated when the mother runs away with a golden-skinned medicine man who sells jujah and extracts teeth almost painlessly, there is a short little girlhood as the housekeeper for a querulous grandmother who pretends dead every morning until threatened with the loss of her tea. Then one morning she isn't pretending any more, and Nancy goes to the strange and warring household of the village clergyman.

With books and study, Nancy breaks mentally away from her environmental narrowness. People and scenes as frankly unadorned, as vengeful and as lustful as any in the wench and inn chronicles of the ale-stained eighteenth century, press upon her, but she walks a secret path. She meets love halfway as she has always met life. Refused one, Nancy refuses the other. In life it might be she must know herself a groom's bastard, with death she can finally achieve the legend of the Fasseferns.

Of Love and Death

THE HEAVEN AND EARTH OF DOÑA ELENA. By Grace Zaring Stone. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

"THE Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena" must be read as a poem, with that "willing suspension of disbelief" which one readily accords to a beautiful work of the imagination. Outwardly a tale of the Caribbean, with seventeenth-century nuns and buccaneers as carriers of its romance, inwardly it is a song of love and death where demand for historical accuracy would be as irrelevant as in "The Eve of St. Agnes." Its island of Hispaniola is not the one charted on the map; its characters, in their action and speech, belong to no particular epoch; its plot, for all the brave array of action, is concerned with destiny rather than with deeds. Idealistic as it is, the book is too intensely conceived, its characters too vividly portrayed, to give any impression of thinness. Its style recalls that of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" in its aristocratic fineness and luminous clarity; it is from Mr. Wilder, probably, that Miss Stone has learned the art of saying just enough and no more; but the source of her style is less important than the fact that she has made it indubitably her own and as pleasant to read as it is to gaze at some white city across Mediterranean bays.

Doña Elena, the youngest daughter of a large and impoverished noble family, has come from Spain to San Juan in Hispaniola as Mother Superior of the Convent of the Poor Marys, an order devoted to the nursing of the sick. She capably fulfills her duties among her nuns and broken-down Spanish adventurers who constitute her wards; the only sin upon her conscience is a certain "dryness of spirit" in her devotions. Miss Stone gives admirably the picture of little tasks quietly performed; of the spirit of security engendered by routine; of a serene body animated by a slumbering soul.

Into the peaceful intimacy of Doña Elena's life there drops casually one night the gallant young captain of an English buccaneering squadron who has come to spy out the city; they talk and he soon departs, leaving his reckless image lightly stamped on her mind but carrying her own more deeply cut. As the story tightens, the style becomes, noiselessly, more tense. There is a bold scene where Elena and her company, temporarily captured on a sailing-trip to a nearby town, are entertained perforce on the buccaneer's flagship. Miss Stone permits her hero to become considerably drunk; she endows him in his cups with a little of that boastfulness pertaining, from Homer to Dumas, to great adventurers; and she gives him a chance mistress in a tavern-keeper's daughter who has accompanied him from Plymouth; but all this ribaldry, which might by a touch have broken the frame-work of romance, is kept by the cool, chaste, slightly sardonic style where it belongs —as external as the walls of Elena's convent, merely another part of the strangely patterned forms through which the characters move.

So the story goes on, with love, confessed in Dyke the buccaneer, hidden unconsciously in Elena, drawing them closer. Elena—and it is a delicate touch—while in concealing her knowledge that there has been a spy in the city she really betrays it to the enemy, feels little consciousness of guilt; the crime of political treason is not one she has been taught to fear. And the sin which, of course, she *has* been taught to fear, grows upon her treacherously, assuming the shape of an apparently religious ecstasy unknown before. Thus in the delirium of death—for the jealous fanaticism of a priest brings her "salvation by poison," as the jacket says—she can see, in the face of her lover bending over her, the face of the Redeemer. This, the final word of blasphemy according to a dualistic creed, has always been the final word in the romanticist's faith. But it is not Miss Stone's final word. That is reserved for Dyke, wandering, desperate and drunk, among the shadows. The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena become one; but Dyke the realist will stumble henceforth rather drearily through a world that is neither.

Censorship

(*Continued from page* 993)

him form his literary judgments first and his moral judgments afterwards, instead of in the opposite order. Let him read with less concern for what damage a book may do to others, and more concern for what it really means to himself. Then if he objects to free discussion because his convictions are against free discussion, he will know why he disapproves; and if he is hurt by frank language because he is not accustomed to frank language, at least in print, he will know why he objects. What censorship needs is psycho-analysis. Let one hundred thousand readers read disputed books this way, and we shall soon progress to a better understanding, and get the only kind of censorship that is good for anything—a resultant of the wills of individuals acting for themselves.

In every instance where opinion is involved there are sure to be four parties: the obscurantists who wish to stifle every change; the libertines who desire a reckless freedom, usually for profit; the conservatives who wish to hold fast to tried experience; the liberals who wish to open new paths through convention toward truth. Legal censorship is usually concerned with the first two, and, being set in action by extremists is itself irrational and extreme. But if the controversy can be kept to the parties of the third and fourth part, no one need fear, though he may not like, the results. For the vast majority of readers, when they stop to think for themselves, are neither libertine nor reactionary. They can readily settle the case, and out of court.

In a letter to *The London Times Literary Supplement*, Clement C. J .Webb remarks that William Blake's well-known lines upon holding "Infinity in the palm of your hand, and Eternity in an hour" echo a phrase from Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium." Did Blake know Jeremy Taylor's writings?

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An Alexandrian

PSYCHE. By PIERRE LOUYS. With a conclusion and notes by CLAUDE FARRERE. Illustrations by MAJESKA. New York: Covici, Friede. 1928. $10.

HAS Pierre Louys missed forever, outside of France, his meed of fame? It is an irony of literary history that this exquisite writer, essentially aristocratic and disdainful of popular favor, should be known chiefly as the author of a supposedly sensational novel, incredibly vulgarized on the American stage. His "Aphrodite," rightly welcomed by Francois Coppée as a great historical romance of the Alexandrian period, fell into the hands of the pornophiles for whom any description of sensual love, however beautiful, is simply something "spicy." Then, too, Louys suffered by comparison with his more robust contemporaries, Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France, whose paganism, less pure than his, contained immeasurably more elements of intellectual interest. Finally there is the fact that just as he was coming to the full maturity of his powers, Louys was stricken by a fatal disease, and during the last fifteen years of his life published practically nothing. Certainly his death in 1925 caused no stir in the literary world. And yet he was one of the great stylists and great romancers of the last generation. One who has not been charmed by the delicate chastity of style in "Les Chansons de Bilitis," or by the irony and wit in "Les Aventures du Roi Poussole," or by the sheer narrative skill of "La Femme et Le Pantin," has simply failed to drink of three clear springs of literary delight.

"Psyche," published posthumously from an unfinished manuscript, is easily the masterpiece of Pierre Louys. In his earlier works, even when as in "La Femme et Le Pantin" he was writing of the [illegible]ll understood, Louys was at heart the [illegible] His erotic inspiration, his love of [illegible]ed beauty, his preference for simple [illegible]erturbed by moral scruples, his tragic [illegible]oignant brevity of life, all marked [illegible]lly a pagan of the decadence. But [illegible]is last important work, written at intervals between 1905 and 1913, there is a new and deeper note.

The earlier elements are still present in this tale of contemporary France, there is the same classical concentration, the same exclusion of irrelevant material, but there is an unwonted interest in the more complex psychology of characters in whom Christian renunciation battles with instinctive passion, and in the strange manner by which both fuse in the white heat of a love unknown to Greek or Roman. In "Psyche" Louys parts company with Meleager and Theocritus, and even with Catullus, to write a romance of love which Gottfried von Strassburg or Wolfram von Eschenbach would have understood more easily than would the pagans. It has the breathless expectant quality of all high ecstasy, the perfection of a mood which a single jarring word would destroy. The completed outline of the story, supplied by Claude Farrère from memories of a conversation with Louys, is so infallibly right as to rouse the hope that M. Farrère is not deceived in his belief that Louys had written out the whole romance and that the entire manuscript may yet sometime be found. Even the present torso, however, such is its integrity of form, gives no real sense of incompleteness; perhaps it hardly matters whether we take leave of Psyche as the happy mistress of the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty, or, years later, find her lying frozen in the snow at its threshold; dead or alive, she lives equally in her enchanted realm of love. The publishers are to be congratulated for providing a casket worthy of the jewel within. "Psyche," beautifully printed, bound, and illustrated, is a joy to the eye as well as to the mind.

The death of Mrs. W. K. Clifford has recently been announced in London. She was the widow of W. K. Clifford, the brilliant mathematician and philosopher of the nineteenth century, whose ideas are now in renewed currency among the new school of physicists. He was "Mr. Saunders of Oxford," the red-headed youth of Matlock's "New Republic." Mrs. Clifford had a long career of authorship behind her.

The Bowling Green

Granules from an Hour-Glass

(Reprinted By Request)

I. THE LONGEST PARENTHESIS

"CHANCE," published early in 1914, was the first of Conrad's novels that reached a large public. This was not due to any specifically popular virtue in the book itself, but to the fact that his publishers, particularly in America, made for the first time a serious and careful attempt to "put him over"—to cross the Shadow Line. The book was well merchandised and had a large sale. Thousands of copies must have been sold to people who were unfamiliar with his oblique narration, who were puzzled, and perhaps disappointed. There are still some troubled souls who have a pride in remarking that they "can't read Conrad." These are the inheritors of that unfulfilled renown caused by the paradox of *Chance* having been oversold at the start.

The story of the book, as it might be gossiped about in a gathering of publishers, is a long and curious one—too long for discussion here. The fact that its first appearance in print, in 1912, was as a serial in the New York *Herald* (where it began to run before the author had finished the MS) is not the least surprising in its history. But in talking about Conrad with many people in recent years I have observed that *Chance* is nowadays one of the least known of his books. It remains, to any serious amateur of fiction, one of the most remarkable and enchanting.

If I should recommend any one to read *Chance* I should want him to realize that I was paying him a compliment. For it is a very singular book, told in a manner which is theoretically preposterous. Many critics said so, as can be seen by the charmingly ironic preface Conrad wrote in 1920 for the Concord Edition. One is fairly safe in saying it would be impossible for any story to be actually told, *viva voce*, as that story is told by Marlow. But the question in art is not whether things are impossible, but whether they succeed. This does. There are various ways of diagramming the story of *Chance*—which is, in essence, merely the old, old plot of The Wife in Name Only—but the simplest is to describe it thus. You have a group of people, the central creatures of your story, to whom strange things have happened. Outside these central figures you have always a double lens for the readers to see with. This double lens is made up of (1) a simple-minded observer who has been in contact with the crisis, and (2) a subtle commentator who was not present at the crisis but has the requisite background for understanding the simple facts. This subtle commentator (Marlow) hands on the story, enriched with his own temperamental comments, to the colorless "I" who serves merely as proxy for the public. What it amounts to is this, that every scene, every gesture of the story comes to us colored by at least one hearsay and often by two. It is a form of distillation.

Now perhaps you take your literature seriously; or perhaps, you don't. But if you do, you can see that this distiller's method of telling a story gives infinite scope for surmise, and for the diffusion of delicate personal vapors. We are not told baldly that A did this or that. We hear from C that B told him that A did this or that. And so A's action, though perhaps inaccurately reported, comes to us carrying also the verisimilitude of both B and C, who are equally integers of the situation.

I had thought that perhaps I'd give you, just for fun, a synopsis of the plot of *Chance*. I shan't do it; it would make this note too long. Let me just give you one warning. The book contains what is I dare say the longest parenthesis in fiction—some 250 pages. From the point in the very first chapter where young Powell comes aboard his ship and hears the captain's wife is on board, down to the beginning of Chapter 2 in Part Two, is all a "cut-back" to earlier events. And then again Part Two, Chapter 4 and most of Chapter 5 are again a cut-back. Then suddenly, after all this delightful and perplexing delay the action suddenly tightens. No man ever lived who could write more immediate heart-stopping narrative than Conrad, when it served his intention. You'll find a bit of it, for example, in Chapter 3 of Part Two. And when you come to the totally unforeseen crisis, in that last chapter, so thrillingly entitled "A Moonless Night, Thick with Stars Above, Very Dark on the Water," you will have, I think, one of those half hours of immortality that fiction was invented to bestow.

It would be fun if we could go on talking about *Chance*. It would be fun to gossip about the scope that Conrad's device of the mouthpiece Marlow gives to his tender and sardonic humor. Marlow's "neutral bearing and secret irritability" are found at their fruitfulest in this book. I am not saying that in all respects *Chance* is a success. I don't know that Flora's intention of suicide is made quite credible. There are other doubts, of situation and motive, that will present themselves. But in many respects it seems to me almost more brilliantly Conrad the artist than any other book. The sheer virtuosity of the performance staggers one. It contains also some of the most memorable bits of haphazard beauty and candor that Conrad ever uttered. It thrills me to think of the astonishment, the rumination, the intellectual delight, that the fit reader will experience in this book.

Mind you, therefore, I'm not necessarily recommending it. I don't insist on your rushing off to buy it. I will only say that wherever people gather who are interested in literature as a sincere form of trickery, *Chance* will always be spoken of with amazement. To use one of Conrad's favorite phrases, it is *très chic*. By heaven, it is!

* * *

II. ACROSS CAMDEN BRIDGE

When you see the great stride of the Camden Bridge, and look up at it from below, along the Philadelphia docks, you have already crossed it in your mind. That is the joy of bridges, crossing them before you come to them.

Bridges are well guarded: the Camden crossing has not only its uniformed toll officers, but also some mysterious Supervisor of the Yellows who keeps tab on taxies, to prevent Pennsylvania cabs from poaching on New Jersey; or perhaps vice versa.

Early in its difficult story society learned to guard bridges. All great crossings are watched and tariffed by prudential pontiffs, worldlywise or otherworldlywise. When men cross bridges they breathe a new air, have a sense of translation. Such men are dangerous. The state guards well its bridgeheads; for there are always a frantic few who, after crossing bridges, burn the pontiffs behind them.

In Harleigh Cemetery. When Walt took cover at last he did not rest on the earth, he burrowed into it. There is nothing Quakerish about that grave: it is pagan, palaeolithic. The massive cromlech tomb is dug into the hillside; it is piled together of huge unsmoothed granites. He was called a cave man, but he did not become so until he was dead. In an age of decorated urns and weeping marble angels he built this little stronghold in the forgiveness of earth—the earth of whom we ask so many questions; and who troubles us because she tells us so few lies.

Always tribal, he took his clan in with him. The niche you see plainest is, I think, his mother's. His own is almost behind the door. He left the door half open, and so it always stands. He can pass unquestioned out and in. I think he is more often out. So it is not really a tomb but a cenotaph. Perhaps every grave is. Every grave is an unknown soldier's.

Above that green hillside is some sort of stonecutting workyard. "Here comes one among the well-beloved stonecutters," as he wrote once with perhaps a touch of that quaint Hicksite humor that it takes us so long to catch the slant of. Slabs of plain stone lie about under the trees. They are waiting for names.

Walt was called a loafer because he liked to watch others work. What they forgot was that his work was the kind that cannot be watched. No one except God ever watched a poet working.

His work had been called a shout, a yawp, an outcry, but inside all the ejaculatings, promulgings, effusings, was a core of quiet. If you cut open any of his greater poems, to study the concentric graining and pattern, you will not only find a delicately wise artist, you will find at the center a germ of silence.

That he was a great terrene creator, casual, fecund, and sparadic like earth herself, is admitted by most; that he was a precise artist in detail is more often questioned. Yet even his catalogues, much reproached, are often marvels of cinematic portraiture and studio technique.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The British Dilemma

IN the long run the welfare of nations still depends on the conduct of foreign affairs as vitally as ever, and yet the apparatus for the proper control of foreign affairs continues to be very defective. Democracies in particular find it extremely difficult to maintain any control by public opinion over the things which are done in their name by the officials who conduct their external relations.

For this difficulty there are several reasons. In the first place, foreign relations are rather remote from the daily interests of the ordinary citizen, and do not seem to affect him very directly. What happens in their sphere is rarely spectacular and is rarely "news," and even when it is, hardly seems so when it has been decorously wrapped up in the decent obscurity of diplomatic verbiage. So it is natural that a murder in the next street should attract more attention than the first moves in a plot that will plunge the whole world in war in five or ten years' time.

Secondly, foreign affairs are still everywhere managed in secret by officials of whom the public never hears. These officials jealously guard their secrecy, and resent any attempt on the part of the public to know what is going on. Diplomacy is still an occult art. The excuse for this is that delicate negotiations cannot be conducted in public; the real reason is that the officials concerned with foreign affairs believe themselves to be experts, and, like all experts, hate to have ignorant outsiders meddling with them. Unfortunately for them, and for our peace of mind, the revelations about their doings which have followed upon the late war have cast a somewhat lurid light upon the skill and wisdom of foreign office experts everywhere. Public confidence in them has been badly shaken.

* * *

However, the control of foreign affairs by experts who can, and do, elude the pressure of public opinion would not be so dangerous, if these same experts were not exposed to periodic assaults from other experts who are always interested, and always potentially makers of war. When the spokesmen of an Admiralty or a War Office go *in private* to a Foreign Office with representations about the threats to national security implied in the armament of another country, they are sure in advance of finding an echo and an attentive ear. Usually their pressure proves irresistible. Steps are then concerted for which no reasons, or only false ones, are ever given, and of which often the public only hears long afterwards; but which bear their fatal fruit in the course of nature. A war has been engineered by irresponsible and usually untraceable persons operating in the dark, and the public, not knowing what they were about, was not able to stop them!

There is reason to believe that something of this sort has recently been happening in the sphere of Anglo-American Relations; and while there is probably no immediate danger and no ground for alarm, it seems to me, writing as an Englishman for an American audience, that Americans would be well advised to pay rather more attention to foreign affairs and in particular to the secret manoeuvres of European diplomacy.

A further reason for keeping a watchful eye on Anglo-American Relations is that human history will depend so much on the relations between the two great English-speaking countries. In common with, I believe, the great majority of British people of all parties, I am myself a devout believer in the policy or ideal of an intimate co-operation of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers as the sole salvation of civilization from the dangers that beset it; but for this very reason it is well, unflinchingly to face the difficulties in the way, and the alternative paths which history may take.

It is, moreover, vitally important that the many Americans who sympathize with this ideal should understand the nature of these difficulties. This will encourage them to assist British pro-Americanism, and dispose them to make allowances for what may otherwise appear to them unintelligible deviations in British policy. They should realize that we are genuinely in a fix, and have no ready means of extricating ourselves from a dangerous dilemma.

When in August, 1925, I was writing the little forecast of the future of the British Empire called "Cassandra," I summed up its international position by remarking that since the war the British Empire had been "left at the mercy of one foreign power, and its capital at the mercy of another. At present both these powers are friendly and the sword of Damocles remains suspended over our heads." Owing to a strike in the book trade, "Cassandra" did not appear until April, 1926, but my estimate had not grown out of date, and it is as true now as it was then; indeed, it has become a good deal more obvious. It is not yet, however, obvious enough, and in the light of what has happened in the last two years, the political implications of this basic fact of the situation seem to require more illumination. It is only by realizing and exploring in advance all its ugly possibilities, that public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic can be aroused sufficiently to arrest their transformation into still uglier facts.

* * *

For inevitably British foreign policy *must* be determined by these two relationships to America and France. In practice it will probably oscillate between them. For there will be a pro-American party, and a pro-French party, and their respective policies may easily entail a choice of evils. At any rate, they may easily appear as such from a purely British point of view. For both would seem to preclude a wholly independent policy. Let us examine then the alternatives and their consequences.

If we quarrel with America, we face a disruption of the British Empire.

The British Empire at present is a very anomalous institution. It is now held together almost entirely by sentiment. But could this sentiment stand the strain of another war, and particularly of a war with America? It seems very doubtful.

No one who realizes the hold American capital has over Canada, the extent and intimacy of the trade relations, and the impossibility of defending the long frontier line, can expect more than Canadian neutrality, a neutrality which is now conceded to be among the privileges of the Dominions. Nor can more than neutrality be expected from the Dutch who dominate South Africa. In Ireland and India a rupture with America would assuredly provoke the most dangerous subversive movements, and presumably in Egypt also. Nothing, then, would be left of the British Empire but Australia and New Zealand. But even when the Singapore base has been completed, the Australian Dominions will be easier to attack across the Pacific than to defend from London. In short, it looks as though the British Empire would fall to pieces before a shot had been fired, if it quarrelled with America. America has a power to *disintegrate* the British Empire such as Germany could never have acquired.

This is the very cogent British case against such a quarrel. It rests not on sentiment, but on hard fact. Of course, we are frequently told, no doubt in all sincerity, by the highest political authorities that a war with America is "unthinkable"; and if political good sense alone controlled the course of events, no doubt it would be.

* * *

But, alas, while the politicians talk, the navies act, and the politicians have to assume the responsibility for their action. So the man in the street observes with dismay that on both sides of the Atlantic the Admiralties are obviously preparing for war. Doubtless they do this from a high sense of duty rather than for purely professional and sporting reasons—just for the fun of a trial of strength; still they are interested parties and utterly unmoved by political considerations.

Moreover, Admiralties, like War Offices, have an uncanny knack of intimidating reluctant cabinets and getting what they want. It appears to have been naval interests that forced Lord Chelmsford into the Labor Cabinet of 1923 in order to extort from it the big cruisers that were the beginning of the cruiser dispute with America. Since then the Admiralties have even been allowed to conduct negotiations for "disarmament," with results that might have been foreseen. Any *weak* government in England will always succumb to the demands of the Admiralty, as the Ramsay Macdonald and Baldwin governments have done.

Now it was technically clever, but politically fatuous, to start the building of ten-thousand-ton cruisers in 1923 which nobody at that time possessed; almost as fatuous as the Dreadnought-building which reduced our enormous fleet of pre-Dreadnought battleships to scrap iron, and enabled every one to begin building Dreadnoughts on equal terms. Moreover, it was the same mistake; which shows that naval experts are pretty impervious to naval experience.

A very similar frame of mind is indicated by their reluctance to accept what would do most to confirm Anglo-American friendship and to remove all causes of friction and distrust, viz., the American thesis about the "freedom of the seas," although Colonel House has been pointing out for a dozen years or more that it would in future work in our favor by assuring the victualling of Britain and liberate our fleet from the arduous duty of safeguarding it, and though an intelligent paper like the *Manchester Guardian* can frankly say that the old doctrine, " 'effective against her enemies only in special conditions never likely to recur,' will be swiftly and mortally effective against herself in conditions that are extremely probable in any future war between the Great Powers. The 'freedom of the seas' means permanent friendship with the United States and immunity from blockade (and therefore from destruction) for this country. The continued unfreedom of the seas means enmity with the United States and, sooner or later, destruction for ourselves."

Decidedly our Admirals want watching and must not be allowed to put to the arbitrament of battle their natural confidence in the *qualitative* superiority of the British fleet.

If, moreover, to the mischief made by these professionals, one adds that which may be done by those who are jealous of American greatness, envious of her prosperity, or in any way prejudiced against Americans and their ways, or enamored of French fashions and Parisian *savoir vivre*, one sees that it would not be by any means impossible to stir up the fighting instincts latent in the British Lion and to goad him into bellicosity.

* * *

Nevertheless, these grounds of Anglo-American ill will would hardly constitute a serious danger were it not for the fact that there exists an alternative to the policy of Anglo-American friendship, and that powerful influences seem to be tempting us to try it.

No doubt that way madness lies, compounded equally of criminality and folly. Yet it has undeniably a basis in fact. Thus it appears to be a fact that under the conditions of modern warfare, London is *not* defensible against determined air attack. Least of all from France. This has long been the contention of our Air League, and was solemnly affirmed by the official report issued by the government after last summer's air manoeuvres. The inference which was drawn by the Air League was of course that we must have more airplanes; but to infer this from a demonstration that airplanes are inadequate for defense, though irresistible in attack, was merely an illustration of the gap in militarist logic. Mere common sense would plausibly retort that the impossibility of defending London seemed to be an unanswerable argument, not for destroying Paris, but for avoiding war.

What was the conclusion the British government itself wished the British public to draw? The answer is not clear; but it seems reasonable to suggest that the whole affair may not have been quite unconnected with the mysterious deal with France, which so perturbed the Foreign Offices of the whole world last Fall. It had to be buried in an unhonored grave in deference to the chorus of protests it provoked at home and abroad. But on the face of it there *was* an odd intrigue, conducted, it would seem, by the British Admiralty and the French, but more or less sanctioned by the Foreign Office, of which the point was apparently directed against America. It was prematurely revealed by the enterprise of an American newspaper man, who was promptly expelled from France, and officially disavowed, and may actually be dead. But the situation which generated

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by F. C. S. Schiller

it has not ceased to exist and may any day revive similar attempts.

For the alleged agreement between the British and the French admiralties does indicate a possible line of British policy. It was intelligible *only*, but adequately, on a single supposition. This supposition is an alliance between France and England so intimate and permanent that there would be not only no fear, but even no possibility, of a dissension between them. On this supposition alone would the proposed terms of the agreement be rational. It would then be rational to look upon the French navy as supplementary to the British, and to grant it the very sorts of ships (destroyers and small submarines) which would be most effective in the narrow seas around the British Islands, and therefore most dangerous in the event of any difference with France. It would be rational also to build a Channel Tunnel, in order that the French army might always be available to defend England against oversea invasion, or the British army to join forces with the French, and in order to feed England even when blockaded by a superior fleet. Accordingly it is no wonder that the project of a Channel Tunnel has been revived, and significant that the French critics openly regard it as the first step in Britain's conversion to conscription.

* * *

On this assumption, then, the proposed agreement becomes intelligible; but is it rational to suppose that responsible persons in the British government could make so fantastic an assumption as that never again could there arise any dissension between France and Britain?

From the *British* point of view this assumption does indeed seem fantastic and incredible; but how
ench? What would be, from *their* point
e consequences of making an alliance
against America? If we had ever been
o making such an alliance, could we
ave escaped from their clutches? Could
n have asserted our independence? Could
any power on earth ever again have overthrown their control of Europe? And would it have mattered to them, if the British Empire had been dissolved or shattered by a conflict with America? If, therefore, they found an unpolitical Admiralty and a sick, somnolent, or intimidated Foreign Office willing or anxious to come to terms with them, why on earth should they not welcome a compact of the kind which has been half revealed?

Let us endeavor therefore to consider calmly the political consequences of this hypothesis. Suppose that England adopted the alternative of a French alliance and preferred it to friendship with America, could not a specious case be made out for it? In the first place, it would mean the safety of London, so long as the alliance lasted. *Ergo*, it would last forever. Would not this sufficiently account for the "fantastic and incredible assumption" that France and England would never differ again? We could never afford to.

* * *

Secondly, if America took to fighting we should doubtless lose our Empire, as was explained above. But America might not fight, and if it did, would the dissolution of the British Empire be a loss to France? It would only tie us all the closer to her chariot wheels. Could America do anything to liberate Europe from French domination? No, for France and England lie athwart the western coasts of Europe and control the approaches to the Mediterranean. With the best will in the world, therefore, America could do little, she could not join hands with Italy or Germany or whoever else wanted to escape from French control, however great she made her naval power. If Japan joined such an Anglo-French alliance, she could not get to Russia either; she might be excluded from China, and might lose the Philippines to boot.

It should, however, at once be added that if one suspects that such calculations may have been in someone's mind last summer, one need not in the least suppose a war with America was intended. For all these aims could very well have been attained without war. In view of London's vulnerability it is quite enough for England to be forced into an alliance with France and to be alienated from America; she would then automatically become forever a vassal of France.

Moreover, it is clear that this policy holds out to France the prospect of very definite and immediate gain. She has never ratified her war debt agreement with America. She has paid indeed, but as it were provisionally and under protest. But had she been fortified by an alliance with England, could she not have proceeded to defy America? She could have proclaimed a general repudiation of European debts to America, which would have met with loud applause. Italy could easily have been bribed, and Germany bullied, to come into this scheme, by financial concessions.

What would, what could, America then have done? Surely it was a pretty safe calculation that she would not have gone to war to exact her debts. She would have borne a deep and lasting and entirely justified grudge against France and England, especially against England. But what would that have mattered to France? America's resentment against England would only have deepened England's dependence on France, and made unbreakable the bonds of the Anglo-French alliance. Even if the worst had come to the worst and America had occupied Guadeloupe and Martinique to put pressure on her impenitent debtor, she could have found ample compensation in Africa for the blacks she lost in the Caribbean, and have continued to snap her fingers at America. America could no doubt have raised her tariff walls yet higher, till they out-topped those of the heavenly Jerusalem; she could have excluded European manufactures utterly; but what good would that have done, seeing that already they are all but insuperable?

* * *

Moreover, this matter of the American tariff supplies a further plausible motive for a plan of the sort supposed. At present no economist can see any possible means by which the European countries can pay the interest on their American debts, much less pay off the principal. For America is ignoring the elementary principle that trade depends upon reciprocation of goods and services. She refuses to take payment in kind, and to admit European manufactures. Nor can she be paid off in gold, even if she wanted gold, for Europe has not gold enough. Such minor items of European income as tourist expenditures, visa fees, the earnings of "wet" steamers, and the importation of American heiresses, though sociologically interesting contributions to the growing Americanization of Europe, are hardly sufficient to restore the balance. There would seem to be no means by which American capitalists can consume their European revenues but by transferring themselves bodily over to Europe; but even if they were willing to take up their residence permanently on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, it is to be feared that the birds that laid these golden eggs would soon be scared away by the high rate of taxation imposed on them by the poverty and greed of European democracies.

Meanwhile the interest on European debts is actually being paid by America herself. It is defrayed from a continuous stream of further loans which America is pouring forth. This constant borrowing conceals the essential fact that Europe as a whole is unable to pay her debts and will have to make an arrangement with her creditor if she is not to become completely bankrupt.

It is clear, however, that this situation cannot last. There are limits to the power of the New York bankers to persuade American investors to take up European loans. For this presupposes a belief that Europe is rich and will pay the interest. If this belief is shaken, European borrowing will cease and European debts will be repudiated. Sooner or later this must happen. Already the bankers appear to have refused to "commercialize" the German Reparations Debt as Frence desired.

But if repudiation is inevitable, may not Europeans argue, why not repudiate at once and get it over? It would then be possible to form (forcibly) a United States of Europe under French hegemony, with a great tariff wall round Europe administered by France, and a great internal market comparable with the American. The boot would then be on the other leg, and America would have to go in search of markets.

To France such a scheme would offer many advantages. To Europe in general it might easily be made to appear as the road of escape from her economic woes. To Britain it may be a dangerously tempting alternative to the more honorable and sounder expedient of a truly pacific and a genuine "League of Nations" policy, and to co-operation with America.

Of course, to make the scheme effective, Britain and Germany would have to come into it; but both could be compelled. Britain is weighed down with unemployment, resulting from her growing inability to find foreign markets for her exports. Her politicians can think of no real remedies. They either advocate protection, which cannot foster exports, or more doles and more taxation, which eat up capital and must further undermine her financial status and further loosen the financial bonds of her Empire. So the future on the present lines holds out no prospect but collapse and revolution. Germany, in addition to an industrial situation fundamentally akin to Britain's, is oppressed with war debt. Both therefore would be likely to find irresistible any scheme adequately baited with a promise of relief from their burdens.

Of course one cannot tell how far calculations of this sort underlay the obscure intrigues of last year. The present writer has no inside information, and is only guessing. Nor can any one tell who initiated the scheme, or whether there was a clearly thought-out scheme. There is no one to incriminate, and as yet the affair can be discussed calmly, as an abstract problem in international dynamics. This has the advantage of rendering it clearer that the guessing of the uninitiated rests on a basis of solid fact. The international situation is really such that plans of this kind are feasible and tempting, and one day some Foreign Office may perceive it. There is always a danger, therefore, that such a scheme may be tried, or tried again. Britain has a choice between leaning on America, sincerely fostering disarmament, and preserving peace, or joining France in an old-fashioned policy of domination. She may yield to temptation and adopt the wrong alternative. It behooves America therefore to be watchful, and I pray that she may be willing to make easier for Britain her arduous choice of Hercules! But if she does, she will have her reward; for she will thereby secure herself against all danger of "encirclement" by a coalition comparable with that which laid low Germany.

Dr. Ferdinand Canning Scott Schiller is a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and a distinguished philosopher who has also taken a large part in shaping political thought in Great Britain. His "Tantalus: or the Future of Man" (1924), and particularly his "Cassandra: or the Future of the British Empire" (1926) will be remembered by many, for they were published here (E. P. Dutton & Co.) as well as in England. He was resident in Cornell University from 1893 to 1897, and is at present in California. This article, with its presentation of a dilemma which seems to be actual, even if the causes and possible results are merely hypothetical, is to be regarded as a part of the series on Anglo-American relationships which began in The Saturday Review with articles by Philip Kerr and Walter Lippmann and has been continued by discussions and arguments from Frank H. Simonds and Professor Shotwell.

The new Book Society recently formed in London with Hugh Walpole chairman of the Selection Committee has found for its first choice Helen Beauclerk's "The Love of the Foolish Angel," by the author of "The Green Lacquer Pavilion." A review of it in *The Observer* says that Miss Beauclerk's "achievement is to have risen from fancy to imagination."

An English periodical notes the preparation of a volume containing all that could be found of Charlotte Mew's unpublished poems. The slender book is finished, and, with Miss Alida Klementaski's introduction, is published by The Poetry Bookshop.

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Books of Special Interest

Genuine or Spurious?

SHAKESPEARE FORGERIES IN THE REVELS ACCOUNTS. By SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM. New York: Columbia University Press. 1928. $15.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE
Yale University

DR. TANNENBAUM has again produced a volume of palæographic and Shakespearean interest which can be recommended for its remarkably full historical account of the problem discussed and its generous provision of beautiful facsimiles. The prime purpose is to show that the well-known Revels Accounts of 1604-05 and 1611-12, printed by Peter Cunningham in 1842, are forgeries perpetrated jointly by Cunningham and J. P. Collier. This is, of course, no new opinion. Twenty years ago the spuriousness of the Cunningham papers was rather generally held, and Dr. Tannenbaum has no doubt that he has decisively refuted all that has been since argued in their support. "What I have proved," he says bluntly, "is this: that the statements made by previous investigators of the subject are incorrect and valueless."

Competent readers of the monograph will admire Dr. Tannenbaum's bold and skilful effort to swing back the pendulum of critical opinion, but they may feel that he is often too sanguine about the adequacy of his proofs and sometimes uses a controversial dialectic which is hardly fair. His method has been to study facsimiles of the manuscripts under suspicion in the light of the principles laid down by Mr. A. S. Osborn in his excellent book on "Questioned Documents." This involves two assumptions in which some of his readers will not be able to follow him: (1) that the technique, described by Mr. Osborn, by which forgeries in present-day writings may be detected, is equally applicable to writings over three hundred years old; and (2) that the study of facsimiles, unsupported by direct examination of the originals, is sufficient to determine the spuriousness of these particular papers. The present reviewer is not convinced either by the alleged examples of "patched letters" and criminal hesitation microscopically revealed or by the assertion that "the study of photographic enlargements of a questioned document not only is equal, but is even superior, to the study of the original."

There is admittedly something strange about these Revels documents—the strangest thing being the spelling of Shakespeare's name as "Shaxberd"; but they vary in a number of important respects from the Collier forgeries with which Dr. Tannenbaum would associate them. For one thing, the documents faked by Collier are now riddled with anachronism, as new sources of information have wrecked his assumed chronology; whereas the dates and facts in the Revels Accounts of 1604-05 and 1611-12 are practically as unassailable today as they were in 1842. They cannot yet all be corroborated by independent authority, but there is not a single one that has been really invalidated by the mountain of precise information which has been piled up since Collier and Cunningham did their work. That, considering the very specific character of the statements in the two accounts, is pretty strong reason against dismissing them as fabrications of nearly a century ago.

I doubt whether Dr. Tannenbaum is justified in using the evidences of slow handwriting and mended letters that he finds as even *prima facie* symptoms of forgery. The documents are not the fluent and continuous composition of a ready writer but rather lists of separate items copied into the official books by a clerk only languidly interested in what he was doing. If it was one of King James's countless "brither Scots" who happened to be doing this work in the new king's Revels Office in 1605, one would need no other explanation of the spelling "Shaxberd" and the other little variations from English clerical habit. In any case, since the paper and ink appear to be of unquestionable antiquity and the facts recorded hold water quite beyond the wont of nineteenth-century forgeries, it seems likely that these much scrutinized papers will survive the brunt of Dr. Tannenbaum's microscope and camera, though both have been long and well laid on.

An English Abolitionist

GRANVILLE SHARP AND THE FREEDOM OF SLAVES IN ENGLAND. By E. C. P. LASCELLES. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

GRANVILLE SHARP is remembered by present-day students of English history not only for his labors in behalf of the abolition of slavery in England, but also because of his membership, late in life, in the Clapham Sect whose prophecies of the approaching downfall of the Church of Rome, in or about the year 1814, form a curious episode in the tale of religious vagaries. His memorial tablet in Poets's Corner, erected by the African Institution of London, naturally refers only to the first of these associations. The formidable list of Sharp's pamphlets and tracts, more than sixty in number, which Mr. Lascelles gives in an appendix, shows a wide range of interests, the subjects including, besides slavery and religion, such titles as "The Legal Means of Political Reformation," "An English Alphabet for the Use of Foreigners," "Land-Carriages, Roads, and Profitable Labor of Oxen," and "Remarks on the Uses of the Definite Article in the Greek Text of the New Testament."

The road that led Sharp to prominence was unusual and devious. Born in 1735, one of a family of fourteen children in "an unbroken line of theologians" (his grandfather was Archbishop of York and his father an Archdeacon), he was debarred by his father's straightened means from an education beyond that of a grammar school, and at fifteen was apprenticed to a linen-draper. His apprenticeship over, he entered a linen factory, but the business soon failed, and he then took a minor post in the Ordnance Office, where he remained until 1775, when his conscientious objection to war in general and the American war in particular led him to resign. Fortunately by that time his brothers were able and willing to support him, and thereafter he was free to give himself to agitation and philanthropy without having to earn a living.

Meantime he had shown himself a zealous though erratic student, had mastered Greek and Hebrew, and had made some exhaustive legal researches which won the esteem of members of the English bar. An accidental meeting with a Negro slave, in 1765, made him an ardent abolitionist, and it was his legal inquiries, backed by extraordinary persistence in urging his views, that furnished Lord Mansfield with the essentials of the famous decision in the Somerset case, in 1772, putting an end to the possibility of holding any one to slavery in England. He later took a prominent part in the establishment of a colony for free Negroes in Sierra Leone. When the American revolt came on Sharp sided with the colonies, conferred with Lord Dartmouth about a scheme of American representation in Parliament, and in 1787, after long effort, induced the Archbishop of Canterbury to ordain two bishops for the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. As years went on his reforming zeal arrayed him against the impressment of seamen and duelling, and he even went so far as to call upon the Archbishop of Canterbury "to express his horror at a performance of the Beggar's Opera, in which women's parts had been taken by men and men's parts by women," and "remonstrated with the Head Master of Westminster and the Archbishop of York at some improprieties in one of the Westminster Greek plays."

Save for his notable part in the Somerset case, Sharp was not a leader in the anti-slavery movement in the sense that Wilberforce was, nor were his excursions into political reform of any great consequence. Had he lived today, popular judgment would doubtless have accounted him a crank. The respect which he won, and which he retained until his death, appears to have been due to admiration for his devotion and his miscellaneous learning rather than to regard for his judgment, and his religious notions eventually became fantastic. Mr. Lascelles tells the story sympathetically but critically, and his book is entirely worth while.

Thornton Wilder's "The Cabala" was added on April 25th to The Modern Library. The author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" has now become a classic!

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FINAL COMMENT BY GEORGE SAND

on looking into her intimate journal

September, 1868

I HAPPENED to reread all this. I must have been quite in love with this book. I intended to fill it with beautiful things. But I have written nothing but foolishness. That is very evident to me today.

My plan in jotting down these thoughts and feelings was based on a theory I once believed in I used to imagine that I could pick up my own identity from time to time and carry it on. Can one thus resume one's self? Can one know one's self? Is one ever *somebody*? I don't know anything about it any more. It now seems to me that one changes from day to day and that every few years one becomes a new being. It is useless to search for my former identity. I fail to find within me any trace of that anxious, agitated person who was dissatisfied with herself and impatient of others. No doubt I cherished the illusion of greatness. It was the fashion in those days. We all wanted to be great, and if we failed in this, we fell into despair. I see now that goodness and sincerity were quite enough for me to undertake.

And now I am very old, gently traversing my sixty-fifth year. By some freak of destiny I am stronger and more active than I was in youth. I can walk farther. I can stay awake longer. My body has remained as supple as a glove. My sight is somewhat blurred, so that I have to wear spectacles, but they have increased my interest in natural history, as they enable me to see in the grass and sand tiny objects I might have overlooked. I go in bathing in icy water and find it pleasant. I never catch cold, and I have forgotten what rheumatism is. I am absolutely calm. My old age is as chaste in thought as it is in deed. I have no regret for youth, no ambition for fame, no desire for money, except that I would like ave a little to leave to my children and grandren. I have no complaints to make of my ıds. My one sorrow is that humanity does not forward fast enough. Society seems indifferent progress. But who knows what this lethargy iceals? What awakening may be latent in this por?

I no longer live in myself. My heart has gone into my children and my friends. I suffer only through their sufferings. However, that means that I suffer a good deal, sometimes too much, because considerable energy is needed to bear up under their burdens. I lack the courage necessary for meeting other people's troubles. If there were no other people in existence I should, therefore, be perfectly happy—happy, that is, as a stone, if one could imagine a stone capable of looking on at life—but other people do exist and through them I live. I rejoice with them and I grieve with them.

I have no more needs for myself. Shall I live much longer? Is this astonishing old age without infirmity and without weariness a sign of long life? Or shall I drop off suddenly? No use wondering. One may be snatched away by an accident any moment. Shall I keep on being useful? Ah, that is worth wondering about. It seems to me that I shall. I feel that my service is more personal, more direct than ever. I have acquired considerable wisdom without knowing where it came from. I could bring up children much better than I once could.

I remain a believer, a believer in God—the life eternal—evil some day vanquished by science, science illumined by love. But symbols, images, cults, human gods?—good-by! I have passed beyond all that.

I have become impersonal, universal, that is all. And, since I can bear the evil in my life and appreciate the good, I am not in the least interesting. May those whom I love outlive me! I cannot imagine what would become of me without my family at Nohant. I care very little about living on. Death is kind and gentle. My only dread of death is in the thought of the grief it would cause my loved ones.

Have I been useful to them these last twenty years? I believe so. I have earnestly wanted to be. So I was wrong when I used to imagine that there are crises in life when one may hand in one's resignation without injury to others. Because here I am, still useful at an advanced age. My brain has not failed. Indeed, I feel that it has acquired a great deal, and that it is better nourished than it ever was.

It is a mistake to regard age as a downhill grade toward dissolution. The reverse is true. As one grows older one climbs with surprising strides Mental activity increases with age, as physical activity develops in a child. Meanwhile, and nevertheless, one approaches the journey's end. But the end is a goal, not a catastrophe.

—George Sand

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3:15 *a. m.*—The Properties of Horror
3:24 *a. m.*—On Private Heights
3:51 *a. m.*—A Woman's Slipper
4:14 *a. m.*—Tap—Tap—Tap
4:29 *a. m.*—A Turn of the Screw
4:41 *a. m.*—As the Colours of Dawn
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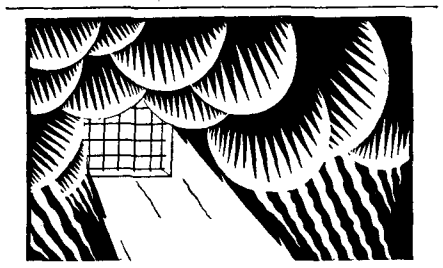

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Foreign Literature

A Life of Lenine

LA VIE DE LENINE. By PIERRE CHASLES. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1929.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

A FIGURE, bound in a not too remote future to assume the proportions of a mythical hero, Vladimir Ilitch Oulianof, who called himself Lenine, looms so large in contemporary history that there is no end of books about him and his work, and his apotheosis has few parallels, if any, even in his native Russia. Outside of the Soviet Republic—if so it may be called—opinion about him has been divided between those who utterly condemn the ideas he stands for and the means by which they were realized, and those others, who, discontented with the present state of things in the whole world, pin their faith for betterment upon the success of the social structure which he raised upon the ruins of imperial Russia.

Pierre Chasles, whose long sojourn in that country and whose position as delegate to international conferences in London, Genoa, and Paris enabled him to acquire a thorough knowledge of Bolshevik psychology, is the author of several books on Russia. He is not blinded by the tremendous power of Lenine's personality, but writes about him dispassionately and succeeds in penetrating through the web of myths that have already collected about him to the real man behind them.

Lenine's father rose from an inferior position to that of director of the rural schools in the district of Simzirsk, which, according to the Russian system conferred upon him hereditary nobility. But Chasles adds:

> Whatever may be said about it, the family was no more noble than peasant; it belonged to the milieu of cultured bourgeoisie.

Trotzky, however, remarked at one occasion, that Lenine was like a Russian peasant at work, both rough and shrewd. The Asiatic strain in Lenine's appearance, which was much commented upon by writers, is briefly disposed of by M. Chasles. Though he admits that the father's ancestors may have been of that Finnish-Mongol race which lived along the central part of the Volga, he adds: "Lenine was no more Mongol, than Alexandre Dumas and Pushkin were negroes."

Vladimir Ilitch Oulianof was a model student at the college of Simbirsk, of which a friend of his father, Fedor Kerensky, was the director. He carried off the highest honors in every branch of the curriculum, except logic. Perhaps subsequent events developed in him that trenchant power of argument, which made Gorki say of his eloquence that it had the logic of an ax. The fate of his older brother, who was implicated in the attempt upon the life of Alexander III. on the first of March 1887, and with four accomplices was hanged, may have quickened the germ of rebellion in his heart. The college was suspected of being a hot-bed of revolutionary ideas.

M. Chasles records Lenine's early revolutionary activities, which led to his deportation to Siberia, his years of exile in Switzerland, England, and France, his return to Russia during the war, the great night of his victory over Kerensky and his final apotheosis without much personal comment. But an undercurrent of sentiment, the agitated tempo, the shifting scenes, and the vibrant atmosphere make the story of this turbulent life read like a highly dramatic novel.

European Books on America

Reviewed by H. D. HILL

THE list of books on contemporary America published in Western Europe during the decade since the war numbers hundreds of volumes. A bibliography of some 1600 German works appearing since 1900 has been collected by Fritz Eberhardt, "Amerika-Literatur. Die Wichtigsten seit 1900 in Deutscher Sprache Erschienenen Werke über Amerika" (1926); a much less comprehensive list of French titles has been issued as a special supplement to *Les Fiches du Mois* by the Office Centrale de Librairie et de Bibliographie, Paris; the majority of books listed by each of these treats of America today.

Both in form and in subject these books exhibit a wide range. There is the mass of travelers' impressions, which in the German and English literatures come out as straight *Reisebücher*, and in the French frequently appear as short stories. "Hollywood Dépassé" (1928) and "Qurantième Étage" (1928) by Luc Durtain, especially the title story in the latter, are perhaps the best known of the French type. American sales of reminiscences of visiting English authors make it unnecessary to cite more than Philip Guedalla's "Conquistador" (1926), Aldous Huxley's "Jesting Pilate" (1926), and Beverley Nichols "Star Spangled Manner" (1928). In Germany the list is equally long and the authors come from a wider variety of groups; there is the Socialist Alice Salomon's "Kultur im Werden" (1924), Paul Rohrbach's "Amerika und Wir" (1926), and V. Litz's "Sozialpolitische Reiseeindrücke in den Vereinigten Staaten," give impressions from the industrial world; Marta Karlweis, in "Eine Frau Reist Durch Amerika" (1928), sketches six American women seen in the course of a trip with her husband, Jakob Wassermann. In Dutch there is J. Huizinga's "Amerika Lebend en Denkend" (1926).

Among the books which are studies rather than impressions there are general works like André Siegfried's "États-Unis d'Aujourd'hui" (1926), Bernard Fay's "The American Experiment" (1928), M. J. Bonn's "Geld und Geist" (1927), J. A. Spender's "America of Today" (1928). On the political and economic side are A. Tardieu's "Devant l'Obstacle" (1927), J. Gachon's "La politique étrangère des États-Unis" (1929), R. Michels "Wirtschaftliche und Politische Betrachtungen zur Alten und Neuen Welt" (1928), the Hon. George Peel's "Economic Impact of America" (1928). On other special subjects are C. Brinkmann's "Demokratie und Erziehung in Amerika" (1927), W. A. Visser 't Hooft's "The Background of the Social Gospel in America" (1928), R. Michaud's "Panorama de la Littérature Américaine Contemporaine (1927), and E. Dovifat's "Der Amerikanische Journalismus" (1927).

American industrial technique and the American labor movement are the two subjects which have been most discussed, alike in descriptive and in controversial literature. There are three important official reports which deal with them; "Industrial Relations in the United States," by H. B. Butler, deputy-director of the International Labor Office, Studies and Reports, Series A No. 27, (1927), "Report of the Delegation Appointed to Study Industrial Conditions in Canada and the United States of America," presented to parliament by the British Minister of Labor, Cmd. 2833, (1927), and "Amerikareise Deutscher Gewerkschaftsführer," by four representatives of the German General Federation of Trade Unions, (1926). Fuller surveys of the labor movement have recently appeared in France and in Germany, André Philip's "Le Problème Ouvrier aux États-Unis" (1927) and Heinrich Pollak's "Die Gewerkschaftsbewegung in den Vereinigten Staaten" (1927). General discussions of American industry, with widely different estimates of the desirability of its methods, are contained in J. Hirsch's "Das Amerikanische Wirtschaftswunder" (1926), A. Halfeld's "Amerika und der Amerikanismus" (1928), M. G. Levenbach's "Arbeit in Amerika, Die Soziale Bewegung in den Vereinigten Staaten"(1928), and H. Dubreuil's series of articles in *L'information Sociale* (Spring, 1929). The publication in German of Henry Ford's "Mein Leben und Mein Werk" in 1924 called out hundreds of books and pamphlets in a storm of controversy which has been equalled only by the current discussion of Judge Lindsay's books; samples of this feeling are A. Friedrich's "Henry Ford, der König des Autos und der Herrscher über die Seelen" (1924), G. Faldix's "Henry Ford als Wirtschaftspolitiker" (1925), I. M. Willie's "Taylor-Gilbret-Ford, Gegenwartsfragen der Amerikanischen und Europäischen Arbeitswissenschaft," (1926), and A. Bratter's "Amerikanische Industriemagnate" (1927).

Finally, there are a certain number of philosophical treatments of America. Outstanding among these in the German language are E. Voegelin's "Ueber die Form des Amerikanischen Geistes" (1928), and L. Ziegler's "Zwischen Mensch und Wirtschaft" (1927). In French (and also in English translation) there is L. Romier's "Qui Sera le Maître" (1927). To date, most of the European books have treated America as the antithesis of Europe. Yet in a certain number of the most recent volumes America and Europe are seen as parts of a common whole which contrasts externally with other forms of social organization (Drieu La Rochelle's "Genève ou Moscou" (1928) and within which the problem of the individual faced with the circumstances of modern life is becoming increasingly the same (L. Romier's "L'Homme Nouveau," (1929).

Foreign Notes

Richard Dehmel, whose death in 1921 deprived Germany of one of the outstanding literary figures of the time, left behind him a diary which has now been published under the title, "Bekenntnisse" (Berlin: Fischer). It is an interesting chronicle revealing a reflective and sensitive mind caught in the turmoil of a world against many of the standards and dogmas of which he was in bitter revolt. Included with the poet's journal are scattered essays and addresses.

⁂

"As every serious student of German history knows," says the London *Observer*, "nothing is more ridiculous than the modern trick of depreciating Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great,' by comparison with Macaulay's flashy caricature. The victor of Rossbach and Leuthen was not only a great captain, but for over thirty years after his last battle, a great political organizer. Yet no strong man in all history was more cramful of faults, weaknesses, vanities, and absurdities. There is room indeed for a corrective of Carlyle's magnificent study of action, which, nevertheless, makes no inward study of the strange psychological complex.

"Herr Werner Hegemann has undertaken this analysis in a spirit of devastating exposure. He calls his volume Frederick the 'Great.' The results of his exhaustive research are thrown into the form of lively dialogues. We are given a picture of all Europe in Frederick's time, including Voltaire and the Pompadour no less than Maria Theresa and Catherine. An English translation will be published shortly."

⁂

Ex-President Hainisch of Austria is reported to have started work on a book on his eight years' official experience. The book, which is to be issued by the German firm of Cotta, is not to be published until after his death. It contains discussion of Austrian politics, and comments on the leading personalities of the country.

⁂

The Anglo-Swedish Literary Foundation formed by the generosity of Bernard Shaw in setting aside for it the whole amount of his Nobel Prize in Literature, has just issued its first volume, containing four of the plays of Strindberg—among them "Dream-play"—and a second volume will soon follow.

On the basis of an annual income of about £400. the Foundation is in a position to issue Swedish books of interest, by classical and modern writers, in satisfactory English translations, and thus play a useful part in the work for Anglo-Swedish cultural relations.

⁂

Joseph Kessel's new novel, "Belle de Jour" (Nouvelle Revue Française), is a brutal portrayal of secret vice, with all its emphasis upon psychological analysis, but it is an exciting and powerful book.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

TOO MANY PEOPLE and Other Reflections. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Harper's. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Priestley's book of small essays is one of the proofs conclusive that a book is not its author, for if it were, the author of "Too Many People" would not be "one of the most promising young men of the generation" in England, but a wisely mellowed, gently satirical survivor of the 1840's, or thereabouts. He would, rain or shine, carry an umbrella, and rambling through the city or yarning with his contemporaries remark shrewdly on the changes and ravages wrought by time, and confess with smile and sigh the bewilderment inspired in him by the present age. He would be one of the forerunners of our life-is-a-poignant-joke school—forerunner, not member, because life would be so poignantly jocose to him that he could not baldly call it so.

It is this latter—this propensity never to call a spade a spade, never, in fact, to call a spade by any denotative label—which is a great part of the charm emanating from Mr. Priestley's brief reflections on this and that, on here to-day and gone to-morrow, on "birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," on "Other People's Accomplishments," and "Servants"—in short, on everything which occurs to Mr. Priestley during those sleepless nights when "the dark hour, belonging to no day, swoops down and claims you as its own," and "life is nothing but a pulse beating in the darkness, or, if not that, then only the remembrance of a vague, happy dream, bright faces fading and suddenly dwindling laughter. . . ." He fingers his subjects lightly, and, musing on what they could be if they weren't already something else, he turns them to gossamer stuff—substanceless but delicately colored, reflectors of strange lights and filmy shadows which [illegible]hen concrete facts are the thoughts. [illegible]e that persons who are ap- many people" should be [illegible]d by too many things, and [illegible]who rushes away from Lon- next train home, thus deny- [illegible]s obliteration from the mind can deny the existence of more people than he can comfortably cope with, rushes away from too many things by turning his back on them as they actually exist, and calling before him phantoms of the world, its people, and its materials which, although reminiscent of actuality, are more seemly to an eye weary of crowds and sameness. He says that his "Hell of Too Many People would be one long Oxford Street without any side-rows whatever, and everybody would be compelled to keep moving, except certain fiends, assuming the shape of stout middle-aged women, all umbrellas and elbows, who would be for ever wheeling round and standing and staring." His Hell of Too Many Things would be, I imagine, a fantastic and enormous department store, in which we should see displayed everything in the world as it actually is—thick notebooks filled with senseless notes; persons who, except for eulogistic purposes, are ignorant buffoons; servants who are, and always were, impudent and ungrateful; hotels that are always too hot and odorous; people who never do what they want to; news which tells of nothing but the tragic passing of life. But when Mr. Priestley turns his back on this particular hell, he produces a book of essays in which thick notebooks are sometimes discarded for thoughts unmarred by the scribbling of pens; persons who know one or two things well, and need not, then, know many indifferently; servants who, although now unsatisfactory, were once the grateful fixtures of a family; people who at least were happy in childhood; the substitution, for news, of memories of football games which were played from morning till night in a green meadow, and of "the vegetarian and scientist . . . with his shock of gray hair, his booming voice, his tactlessness, his innocent enthusiasm"; and detached, not too serious, "wondering what, after all, *is* the pattern of [his] mind."

Biography

REMINISCENCES OF A MUSICIAN. By *Clayton Johns*. Washburn & Thomas. $2.50.

WILLIAM PENN. By *George Hodges*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

KARL MARX. By *Otto Rühle*. Translated by *Eden* and *Cedar Paul*. Viking. $5.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND. By *Rabindranath Tagore*. Edited by *C. F. Andrews*. Macmillan. $2.50.

A LIFE OF SONG. By *Marjory Kennedy-Fraser*. Oxford University Press. $3.

SNAPSHOTS ON LIFE'S HIGHWAY. By *Maude Speed*. Longmans, Green. $4.20.

HAYM SOLOMON. Immigrant and Financier of the American Revolution. By *H. S. Baron*. New York: Block Publishing Co.

HERBERT PUTNAM. Essays in Honor of His Thirtieth Anniversary as Librarian of Congress. New Haven: Yale University Press. $12.

THE INTIMATE JOURNAL OF GEORGE SAND. Edited and Translated by *Marie Jenney Howe*. New York: John Day Co.

JAMES FORD RHODES, AMERICAN HISTORIAN. By *M. A. De Wolfe Howe*. New York: Appleton. $3.50.

NOBEL, DYNAMITE AND PEACE. By *Ragnar Sohlman* and *Henrik Schück*. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.

Drama

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET. Edited by *Joseph Quincy Adams*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

ENGLISH COMEDY. By *Ashley H. Thorndike*. Macmillan. $4.50.

NONE TOO GOOD FOR DODO. By *Glenn Hughes*. Appleton.

THE FURNACE. By *Francis Brett Young* and *William Armstrong*. Knopf. $2.50.

Economics

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. By WALTER MEAKIN. Brentanos. 1928.

Mr. Meakin's book is a study of that movement toward a complete reorganization of large-scale industry in Europe which is becoming known under the term "rationalization." Not least among the author's services is his analysis of the meaning of this rather vague term, in the course of which he brings the concept out of the fog of academic discussion and relates it to the realities of the business world. The book was written to propose a practical solution for the grievous and menacing economic problem of post-war Britain, but it acquires importance to the general student of modern social institutions by reason of its careful analysis and suggestive interpretation of the record of accomplishment in German industry over the last decade. The chapters on the coal industry, steel, the chemical trust, general industry and power present in detail, but in simple enough language to fall within the comprehension of the layman, the methods employed in the resurrection of Germany's economic structure from the collapse which followed the peace treaty.

The title is, perhaps, over-ambitious. We know as yet too little regarding the limitations of these new business methods to entitle us to present them as equivalent in their range and influence to the revolution which transformed medieval society in all its parts. Yet a more definitive title would have failed to do justice to the scope of the author's interest in his subject. He considers the broad bearings of these recent developments in the field of industrial organization upon the doctrinal concepts of social science and upon the welfare of the community at large. The legal extinction of competition, the regulation of prices and output, the realignment of relations within the labor market which are aspects of this movement, are presented as problems of vast social import.

LABOR AND INTERNATIONALISM. By *Lewis L. Louvin*. Macmillan. $3.

Fiction

A DEAD MAN DIES. By PERCY MARKS. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $2.50.

The author of "The Plastic Age" has skillfully chosen youthful material—even his central character, Nora Dreyer, mother of three children and with three husbands in her past, is most surprisingly young in appearance and in spirit; and her children and their friends are exponents of modern, though not always flaming, youth. This youth spirit and the conflicts of Nora, a grown-up still growing up, lend Mr. Marks's novel its quality—these, rather than any skillful technique in handling them.

He does a rather good study of Nora—of her emotional outburst, her conscious and subconscious conflicts, her love for and phantasy idealization of her first husband and her search to refind him, after his death, in other men and in his three children.

Nora alone would have made a bookful, but there are Paul and Ted and Susan, each, with Mr. Marks' richness of characterization, worthy of a book of his own. So it

(*Continued on page* 1005)

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Points of View

Word Usage

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

The purist in language might be described, in the familiar phrase, as a person who stands so straight that he leans backward. Sometimes the modern protestant against purism, in his fear of standing erect, acquires an affected slouch. An amusing instance met my eye some months ago. A skilfully written review of a work on usage concluded with this mild explosion: "by splitting infinitives and letting the participles dangle, it is sometimes possible to effectively end an essay." Granting the occasional usefulness of the split infinitive, surely that reviewer asserted his freedom at the cost of naturalness and even of clearness.

The writer on usage, whatever his school, often reminds one of Lamb's Scotchman. "The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either."

These reflections—though I am far from offering them as definite criticisms of his article—have been evoked by Professor S. A. Leonard's communication in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for March 23. With his fundamental doctrine, the doctrine of Horace—*si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi*—there can of course be no quarrel. Some of his certitudes, however, leave me doubtful.

I pass over his remarks upon pronunciation with the general comment that my own impressions, gathered, I trust, "among persons of real culture," do not wholly coincide with his. At the same time, it is instructive to observe, even in so short a list of debated words, the struggle of two powerful tendencies in our speech—the influence of associated word-groups, and the tropism of the accent toward the initial syllable or one near it. In a large measure, cultivated and uncultivated alike instinctively frame their speech under the sway of such analogies.

Professor Leonard's slashing pronouncements regarding idiom afford him and the reader a great deal of fun. They are salutary in spirit. Will he permit a few quibbling *buts?*

"No really human being outside of a grammar classroom. . . . ever conceived of speaking of a 'sitting hen', and the locution itself would be laughed to scorn by anyone who knew the fowl and the technical vocabulary of its votaries." True enough, *for the present day.* Still, *ever* and *never* are dangerous terms. The translators of the Authorized Version saw fit to write, "as the partridge sitteth on eggs." Turning to an early-fifteenth-century translation of Palladius on "Husbandrie," I observe that the writer, who appears amply in command of vernacular idiom, consistently distinguishes between transitive *set,* as applied to brooding fowls, and intransitive *sit.* For example,

What woman cannot sette *an hen an broode*
And bryng her briddes forth?

On the other hand,

. . . . . *every hen*
Wol ones sitte on eyron [*eggs*] *twies ten.*

Further illustrations are to be found under *sit* in the Oxford English Dictionary.

As for "it is I" and "it is me," perhaps the *I* comes more spontaneously to the lips of many cultivated yet natural speakers than Professor Leonard believes. One must recognize, moreover, different levels of expression. Possibly a great number of people who might on occasion say "it's me" would be offended—and others of utterly untutored speech might be vaguely troubled—to hear, even outside of church, "It is Me; be not afraid." Facetiousness (a mightier force in language than is commonly realized) draws the *me* into speech of many persons who in serious or emotional moments would probably say "it is I."

Would it were I had been false, not you!
I that am nothing, not you that are all:
I, never the worse for a touch or two . . .

To the statement that *me* is here unthinkable, it may of course be retorted that the whole mould is already a bit archaic. But the counterpart in modern prose is, I think, "Oh, if it had only been I that was. . . !" Shelley's "Be thou me," with its Titanic imperative, is in a category by itself.

One must thank Professor Leonard for his delightful handling of that ancient bugbear, "the shall and will difficulty." Unless I am greatly deceived, however, his own principle calls for "where shall I meet you?" not, as he seems to imply, *will.*

In the diverting Purist Glossary forming the last part of Professor Leonard's letter, it is pleasant to see him run full tilt against what I have been wont, in talking with students, to call the derivation fallacy. The skit will be doubly valuable if it incites to careful use of the etymological dictionaries. Yet the reader unversed in the study of language may learn some things the glossarist did not intend to teach. Professor Leonard of course knows that we have two verbs "to let," of different meanings, and originally quite distinguishable in form. (Having already made special demands on the compositor, I refrain from giving the Old English words.) But the reader most in need of his instruction, the anxious soul who is the victim of faulty teaching, would never guess the facts from the statement in this Glossary. Similarly, *turtle* meaning "tortoise" is of wholly different origin from *turtle* referring to a dove, though the former seems to have been "assimilated" to the latter. This caution happens to be rather important, for the average "educated" person is sadly inexpert in the use of dictionaries, and unless closely supervised he often derives from the etymological sections thereof notions that would make J. A. H. Murray stare and gasp. How much more will he be led astray by clever articles in which the treatment of derivation is merely allusive.

JOSEPHINE M. BURNHAM.
University of Kansas.

On Bad Textbooks

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In your issue of the second of March Mr. Canby suggests the need of new orientation of American literature. May I add a similar need for text-books used in our schools for the teaching of literature? I have before me such a text, published in 1883, but I believe still in use, which aptly illustrates this need.

In a chapter entitled "The Golden Age: 1860-1883" Thomas Buchanan Read is given 26 lines, Alice Cary 36, Bayard Taylor 40, Thomas Bailey Aldrich 40, and Edmund Clarence Stedman 39. And yet the greatest poet of that period, from the viewpoint of the present writer, gets a bit more than one line! This is the illuminating information given concerning the Good Gray Poet: "Walt Whitman (1819) is the author of 'Leaves of Grass' and 'Drum Taps.'"

In the discussion of American prose, Herman Melville is not even mentioned by name, while Bret Harte gets 47 lines, and such illustrious (sic) fictionists as T. S. Arthur, Augusta Evans Wilson, and Mary Jane Holmes are all given consideration.

Clearly here is a field that is worthy of the research of the authors of "The Reinterpretation of American Literature."

WILL S. MONROE.
Couching Lion Farm,
Waterbury, Vt.

As to Mr. Dittemore

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In the reply to my letter of January 19, in which I protested against the criticism of Christian Science by Mr. Woodbridge Riley, there is a letter from him in which he indicates that he is familiar with the attempt on the part of Mr. John V. Dittemore to besmirch the name of Mrs. Eddy by accusing her of using drugs. Mr. Riley in accepting as true these statements by Mr. Dittemore, as he implies, is accepting the word of a man who was dropped from the Board of Directors of the Christian Science Mother Church for activities entirely out of harmony with the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy in the conduct of the affairs of the Church. Mr. Dittemore, as is well known, has brought suit against the Board of Directors of the Christian Science Mother Church on at least two occasions to compel them to restore him to his former position on the Board and to recognize him as one of their number. The case was appealed by him to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts and his case was lost. The Supreme Judicial Court not only sustained the right of the Board of Directors to expel him from the Board but also sustained their reasons for so doing.

It is not surprising that Mr. Riley would find points in the published articles of Mr. Dittemore which would appeal to his recognized prejudice against Christian Science. This further substantiates the objection I raised in January to his qualifications to discuss authoritatively and fairly any phase of the Christian Science movement.

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE.
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

War and Law

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

The trouble between British and American naval policies is that British policy is consistently anti-British. What Britain needs is to make sure that in time of war food certainly, and raw materials if possible, shall continue to reach her. For this purpose she ought to bend every effort toward establishing a rule that the blockade of a whole nation against foodstuffs is uncivilized and inadmissible. Instead, she tries to establish the rule that a power which controls the sea can do what it pleases in the line of blockade, in the expectation that she will forever control the sea. Does history teach anything more positively than it teaches that no such control is ever permanent? Is it not the business of an intelligent Briton to provide for a security which shall remain good if it comes to pass that China is stronger at sea than either Britain or Japan and that Canada and Australia are no longer willing to undertake the defense of Britain?

People object that the recent war showed that international law is of no effect in war. On the contrary, one really good thing about this war was that it showed that it can be made unprofitable to the most formidable belligerent to seek military advantage by violating international law. The demonstration remains valid even if you assume that those who were just now deemed guilty of violations were innocent.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

A Bit Excited

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In *re* Mr. Mencken's late book review printed in your issue of April 6, is such things possible? Is Mr. Coolidge a mountebank and would forty hangmen, operating on clergymen, greatly improve Mississippi? Or is this mere ocean foam and poetical license? Well, Heaven (or somebody) help us, for America, I take it, is about sunk, and all on account of Prohibition and other vulgarities. I wish I could suggest a remedy, but can think of nothing offhand except the formation of suicide clubs, and these, doubtless, would be ineffective on account of wrong membership, for nothing, of course, except bad business will ever stop Mr. Babbitt. Isn't this terrible? But he may become poor some day and reform. In fact, for the sake of survival wouldn't you rather be caught in a tight place with Babbitt than with some other enlightened beings you may perhaps be able to think of? A San Francisco earthquake, some years ago, made sudden Christians for a few days of its victims—or rather they must have already been Christians, though not working at it very regularly. But does this excuse Mr. Lewis? He is to be pitied, doubtless, if the whole world smells to him like a village convenience (and not a very sanitary one, either), but should he be encouraged to broadcast the nuisance? One hesitates to recommend tar and feathers, for who is to administer it even in the face of sufficient provocation? But one cannot help a lurking sympathy for the idea—or even the treatment accorded some island chieftains in a narrative of Stevenson's who for some offense were once forced to sit beneath a bridge and be defiled by women.

Yours truly,
W. S. ROGERS.
Bethel, Ohio.

Berlin has bestowed on Professor Einstein, on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, the lifelong lease of a house in the city free of all charges.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 1003)

is that, though Nora's "children" (they are all in their twenties) make the story more interesting, they also make the novel unwieldy. As a result Mr. Marks calls in coincidence to solve his problems and the attendant evil of poor motivation strains our credulity here and there. Perhaps also because of this abundance of character and incident material, the novel is uneven, rising to melodrama at some points and sinking to barrenness in others. Yet despite all this, the story-interest holds and "A Dead Man Dies" is a readable piece of fiction.

THE WAGON AND THE STAR. By LIDA LARRIMORE. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Company. 1929. $2.00.

The publishers have done "The Wagon and The Star" a very poor service by describing it on the jacket as a "roseate tale of young love," and declaring that it is told in a "gay fragrant manner." It is not really so bad as that. It is the old story of "the squire of low degree" and "the king's daughter of Hungarie"—in this case the child of the town's First Family. We know in the first chapter that Elizabeth Lloyd (one wishes the name were more baronial) will not go through with the eminently suitable marriage that has been arranged, and no more she does. The writing does not give distinction to the theme, but it avoids sentimentality and provides entertainment. A good book to read in a train, and not a bad book to leave in a train.

PEOPLE. By EDGAR WALLACE. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Edgar Wallace probably dashed this off over a week-end, a way Mr. Wallace is reputed to have with a book. It is an autobiography, most interesting because of the adventurous nature of the author's youth, and most lucidly set down. The man who has written one hundred and fifty thrillers s, England's master he Henry Ford of with that indispen- greatness—he was a settled down to the was many things be- a milkman, construc- His Majesty's Army, war correspondent in South Africa, and newspaper editor.

He has told the tale in a breezy, straightaway fashion and the book represents no ponderous effort to make a complete record. The reader gets the highlights. It is really not long enough. One regrets that Mr. Wallace stopped having adventures in order to write of imaginary ones.

INTO THE WIND. By RICHARD WARREN HATCH. New York: Macmillan. 1929. $2.00.

"Into The Wind" is written about New England in the days when sturdy yeomen tilled her soil and others went down to the sea and awakened her harbors. It has two characters who are at the same time picturesque and real. The story is the tale of a bitter struggle between them—an antagonism provoked by jealousy and financial competition.

It is an ordinary plot and would make an ordinary novel were it not for the pains the author takes in sketching the two figures. As it is, it is something more than ordinary.

THE KINGDOM OF LU. By MAURICE MAGRE. New York. Cosmopolitan. 1929. $2.50.

The contrasting systems and lives of Confucius and Lao-Tsze may not appear to be promising material for even the most pseudo of pseudo-historical novels, yet M. Maurice Magre has succeeded in forcing the two Chinese sages to fit the modern mold in spite of all the obvious difficulties. In manner his book is more suggestive of "The Son of the Grand Eunuch" than anything else of recent seasons. There is a studied attempt to present the teachings of Confucius in an unfavorable light, but it cannot be said that the dignified Lao-Tsze of M. Magre is much more attractive. Both are of course infinitely far removed from the figures regarded with respect and reverence by the world's scholars for many centuries, but no doubt M. Magre has his special sources of inspiration. His painstaking investigation of the domestic affairs of Confucius will no doubt interest a certain number of persons, who will also like the tale of Mong Pi and his dancing girl, which is for no particular reason intertwined with the main story. Finally it is even possible that some one may be led by this book, in which the author succeeds in reducing to precisely nothing his very considerable subject, to read something less misleading about Confucius and his rival,—though one is not hopeful. Eliot Fay has made a translation which is considerably better than the book deserves, and Kate Rowland provides the illustrations.

MIDWINTER. By JOHN BUCHAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

After a lapse of six years, the publishers have decided that it is time to bring out a new edition of John Buchan's entertaining tale of the Young Pretender and "the Forty-Five." "Midwinter" is one of Mr. Buchan's spirited "chasers," which serve the discriminating instead of the policeman-cum-custard pie staple of the comic celluloid. In this, young Captain Alastair Maclean crosses the Border on a secret mission to win the English notables to the Stuart cause. Treason, spies, plots and counterplots, a crazy gypsy, treachery, fighting, capture and escape are all stirred together into a savory stew, in which Alastair, Samuel Johnson ("the lexicographer"), Miss Claudia Grevel, and several lesser lights conspire to make the young Scot's return trip to Prince Charlie a matter of months.

Worked cunningly into this pattern of adventurous intrigue, runs a pleasant phantasy of the forces of Old England, led by a mysterious gentleman named Midwinter, which are to be summoned by whistling a certain catch, "Three naked men be we," at certain crossroads and taverns. To this is added the flavor of old music—"Diana and her darling crew," and "Lilibulero"—and a real enthusiasm for the subject of the Stuart filibustering expeditions of the eighteenth century. It's a good mixture and a pleasant tale, one of Buchan's best, and well worth the new edition which it has received.

THE BROKEN MARRIAGE. By SINCLAIR MURRAY. Dutton. 1929. $2.

This is neither a Dreiserian study of the breakdown of matrimonial tradition nor an Elinor Glyn sort of sex-catastrophe. It is just a good story of how an attractive man who was a woman-hater and an attractive woman who was a man-hater met and for convenience married.

NEAPOLITAN ICE. By RENEE HAYNES. Dial. 1929. $2.

Although the title would not lead one to suspect it, this novel deals with the English girl at school, with young women attending Oxford. As a group, the young people Miss Haynes discusses are interesting but a trifle neurotic. Perhaps they take life more seriously than American girls, though they appear hardly more intent on their studies than the average American collegian. Among their few points of uniqueness is their slang, a minor matter, but one that gives convincing local color to a novel in which locale is not so significant as, with the possibilities of Oxford, it might be expected to be.

The real triumph of the novel is in the creation not of a group, but of an individual, Sylvia, who is one of the most refreshing English girls in recent fiction. Inclined to introspection, Sylvia still escapes the neuroticism of her classmates, and achieves spontaneity and normality both, in pleasing contrast with such persons as the heroine of "Dusty Answer."

BLUE EYES AND GRAY. By BARONESS ORCZY. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Sentenced to Dartmoor Prison for accidentally killing a London policeman, young Amos Beyvin miraculously escapes, flees to the wilds of Canada, and there, under an assumed name, starts life anew. Fate brings about his meeting with the girl he had once loved, but she, to save her erring brother from the law's clutches, has consented to marry a blackguard who holds the weak lad in his power. Little did the villain dream that his vile plot should fail, and scornfully did he esteem the reclaimed Amos as an adversary. The story seems to be far below this author's usual standard of romantic fiction.

THE YELLOW PIGEON. By CARMEL HADEN GUEST. Dial. 1929. $2.

The war is viewed here through the experiences of allied women relief workers and nurses stationed a few miles behind the front in a corner of northwest Belgium. Crystal Heath, young wife of a British surgeon serving in Palestine, is the principal character, though here and there, as the narrative progresses, she is temporarily shelved

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in order that numerous other men and women may be introduced into the story and their affairs dealt with. The strongly contrasted feminine types seem to have been drawn from living originals; an atmosphere of vivid reality pervades the tale, and it is written throughout with distinction. But even these favorable factors fail to obviate one's impression that the book, in large part, is needlessly slow-going and preoccupied with trivialities rather than with grim essentials.

THE GREAT PERMANENCE. By GRAHAM SUTTON. McBride. 1929. $2.50.

A gifted young girl's quest of ideal beauty, urged on by desire to express her deepmost longings in the art of vocal music, is the theme of this sensitive and eloquently written novel. Terry the motherless daughter of a hard-drinking Irish baritone, has passed her early life with him in France, touring the provinces with a third-rate opera company. When she is sixteen, her musical education already well advanced, her voice richly promising, the company is disbanded, and her father takes the girl to Ireland. There, in the leads, they head a traveling dramatic troupe, playing the "smalls" in repertoire. While they are in Dublin, Terry falls profoundly in love with an unstable young poet and actor, but he cares for another, and that disappointment, coupled with growing hostility between her father and herself, causes her to strike out on her own. She joins the chorus of an English revue, and during the three years which follow, in which she becomes a successful concert singer, varied experiences of life and people bring her gradually nearer to that goal of permanent, spiritual contentment she has always sought to attain. At last, wistfully and poignantly, the consciousness dawns within her that she has realized her ideal.

MEN CALL ME FOOL. By DAN TOTHEROH. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.00.

To the romance that has ever lurked in the heart of the clown and the soul of the jester Mr. Totheroh has added the glamor and adventure which held sway in the court of mediæval France under Francis the First. The son of the Trisquet, the famous and hideous fool, and a beautiful gypsy, young Trisquet fares forth to seek his fortune with his sword. A typical fortune of adventure and fore-doomed love for the daughter of a nobleman. Upon the death of his father young Trisquet is commanded into motley by the king. But he is still manly and because he slew the blue boar with his wooden sword in the great hunt, he has an advantage over the king. The tale is sad, but it has an infectious vivacity and a fleet humor that lift it above sentimentality. For all its flamboyance, the irony implied in the title gives fair warning of a serious sympathetic view of the interesting relationship between the jester and those he was hired to amuse.

THE LIVES AND DEATHS OF ROLAND GREER. By RICHARD PYKE. New York. A. & C. Boni. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Pyke seems more properly a psychiatrist than a fiction writer. The whole book, except for the last chapter, might be what a psycho-analyst had deduced from the confessions of a neurotic, half-frenzied patient. As a case study, "The Lives and Deaths of Roland Greer," if proved authentic, might be of value, but when offered as a novel it brings us face to face with the question of the place of a neurotic character, a clinical experiment, in fiction.

The bare outline of Roland's case is this: his mother, neurotic and further warped by early widowhood, ruins his chance for a normal childhood and continues to mess up his adolescence and early manhood by her tirades and her emotional appeals; an affection Roland has for his elder brother grows ruinously into an acute obsession; sisters and mistresses also war upon him, until, filled with overpowering loves and hates, conscious and unconscious, he achieves liberation through gruesome suicide.

The author is definitely explaining the details of all this to the reader; he uses no device of indirect narration to convey an illusion of actuality, yet, by a somber vividness, he brings all forth with sickening reality; the reader is physically nauseated, mentally dismayed. In a good cause the reader might suffer such reactions and think to have gained some understanding of humanity, to have downed a bitter, yet tonic, dose. But "The Lives and Deaths of Roland Greer" definitely lacks a width of scope relating its details to humanity.

VIRGINIA'S BANDIT. By *Elsie Singmaster.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
WINTER. By *Friedrich Griese.* Longmans, Green. $2.
AWAKE AND REHEARSE. By *Louis Bromfield.* Stokes. $2.50 net.
COLD STEEL. By *M. P. Shiel.* Vanguard. $2.50.
THE HEAVEN AND EARTH OF DOÑA ELENA. By *Grace Zaring Stone.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.
JOSCELYN OF THE FORTS. By *Gertrude Crownfield.* Dutton. $2.
THE WILD OAT. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
MURDER BY THE CLOCK. By *Rufus King.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE MAN IN THE WHITE SLICKER. By *Leonard H. Nason.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
STRANGE MOON. By *T. S. Stribling.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
MAYPOLES AND MORALS. By *Frederic Arnold Kummer.* Sears. $2.50.
BLACK MAGIC. By *Paul Morand.* Viking. $3.
DESIRE. By *Gladys Johnson.* Macrae-Smith. $2.
PERMANENT WAVE. By *Virginia Sullivan.* Macrae-Smith. $2.
THE KEYS OF ENGLAND. By *W. Victor Cook.* Dial. $2.
THE SHOJI. By *Kikou Yamata.* Translated by *J.* and *S. F. Mills Whitham.* Dial. $2.50.
ONE OF THOSE WAYS. By *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.* New York: Knopf. $2.50.
THE MURDER BOOK OF J. G. REEDER. By *Edgar Wallace.* New York: Doubleday, Doran. $2.
WANDERERS. By *Knut Hamsun.* New York: Knopf. $1.
MIR-GOROD. By *Nikolay Gogol.* Translated from the Russian by *Constance Garnett.* New York: Alfred Knopf. $2.50.
VENUS. By *Jean Vignaud.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
A SAGA OF THE SEA. By *F. Britten Austin.* Macmillan. $2.50.
THE DOUBLECROSS. By *Armstrong Livingston.* New York: Rae D. Henkle Co. $2.
ILLUSION. By *Arthur Train.* Scribner's. $2.50.
ONLY SEVEN WERE HANGED. By *Stuart Martin.* Harper. $2.
BANJO. By *Claude McKay.* Harper. $2.50.
THE BOOK OF BETTE. By *Eleanor Mercein* (Mrs. Kelly). Harper. $2.50.
OUR PUPPET SHOW. By *Francis de Croisset.* Harper. $2.50.
MORTAL MEN. By *Burnham Carter.* A. & C. Boni. $2.50.
THE COAT WITHOUT SEAM. By *Maurice Baring.* Knopf. $2.50.
ROBBERS AND SOLDIERS. By *Albert Ehrenstein.* Knopf. $2.50.
THE BANDITS. By *Panaït Istrati.* Translated from the French by *William A. Drake.* Knopf. $2.50.

History

RIVALRY OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN OVER LATIN AMERICA (1808-1830). By PROFESSOR J. FRED RIPPY. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1929.

Professor Rippy has already made himself indispensable in the study of our relations with the other nations of the American continent. The present volume will take its place with "The United States and Mexico" and "Latin America in World Politics" as a standard work of reference in its field.

It does not, however, present as exciting a story as either of the previous volumes. Its presentation as a series of lectures necessarily imposed some limits, and the nature of the material covering British-American rivalries in the various sections of South and Central America and Mexico reduces it almost to a compilation of quotations from various ministers, plenipotentiaries, and consular officers. Their correspondence is perhaps chiefly remarkable for the unjustified suspicions which each side aroused in the minds of the representatives of the other.

There was, of course, considerable rivalry over South American trade, and behind that a fundamental antagonism between the British monarchical system and the American republican system, each unduly fearful of the ambitions and the power of the other. But the most vital point of conflict was over the question of sea law. British leaders were deeply concerned lest the United States should draw the Latin-American republics into an organization, however informal, which would insist upon the American interpretation of the rights of neutrals as against the long-established British practice of blockade.

This issue has recurred on frequent occasions for over a century and is as alive today as it ever was. But it is also significant that it could have persisted for nearly a century and a quarter without bringing the two protagonists into actual conflict. Those who worry over the strained relations between the United States and Great Britain today may find consolation in the fact that the following statement, made to the Duke of Wellington in

(*Continued on page* 1008)

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 59. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing and instructive Literary Alphabet for College Freshmen. Not more than four lines should be devoted to any one author or letter of the alphabet. The whole should be written in rhymed verse corresponding more or less to the type of "A was an archer who shot at a frog, B was a butcher who had a big dog." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of May 20.)

Competition No. 60. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing original sonnet built around the following rhyme words—dust, horse, course, must, mistrust, source, force, gust; speed, sides, heed, rides, steed, provides. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of June 3.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

Mr. Davison hopes, this summer, to compile for publication in volume form an anthology of the outstanding pieces that have been printed on this page since its inception. Will prize-winners and others whose entries have been printed here during the past two years please be so kind as to mail him their present addresses? The records of the "Wits' Weekly" are unavoidably incomplete and, no doubt, out of date. Typewritten copies of prize poems, etc., comments, and suggestions will be gratefully received.

The results of Competition No. 57 (Song for May Day) will be announced in the next issue.

This week we print a number of poems left over from recent competitions.

A BELATED VALENTINE

(To E. D., who complained of the author's failure to send him a Valentine)

What! do thy damsels slight thee,
Those weekly wont to write thee
For game or for pride
Or pennies beside,
Now a chance is come to requite thee?

Shall she that maketh merry
With rhyming dictionary
And sets her to sing
Through summer and spring
Be mute in February?

Nay, bid her speak, though she be
Grave spinster or blooming Hebe,
Or Deborah freak'd
Where her pen hath leak'd
Or the blue-socked witch of a Phoebe.

Then know we are Cupid's martyrs;
For thee we'll hang in our garters;
For thee we'll drain
Again and again
Our last bright drop of Carter's.

DEBORAH C. JONES.

PROHIBITIONIST'S DRINKING SONG

Now since we've grown so very, very strong,
In spite of all our foes,
Let's mock them with this very song
And taunt them, thumb and nose.
(Chorus) *Oh, we are very, very set*
It shan't be very, very wet,
And boozers know where they can go
To be very much drier yet.

He that would be very, very slick,
And go the bootleg way,
May he be padlocked very quick,
His boodle snatched away.

Our water is so very, very pure,
We lack the germ excuse,
The only one—Doc's very sure—
For alcoholic juice.

You that are still very, very dry
May have a drink that's neat,
As press and billboard verify—
So pick your sparkling treat.

Fill the bumper very, very full
To honor Volstead's name,
And all who find it very, very dull
Shall swallow all the same.

PHOEBE SCRIBBLE.

BALLADE OF DEAD POETS

It was the height of my ambition
To get for me a concubine
Euterpe sweet and in addition
Sweet Errato, the choice of nine
He-men in ten, so I opine—
Ah, what a life she would have led one!
But why should such a life be mine?
The only good bard is a dead one.

Euterpe thinks it is her mission
To flirt with every paltry Schwein-
Hund, posing as a word magician,
Without a trace of the divine
Afflatus—bards whose verses whine
As do spent bullets—how I dread one!
Old verse is heady as old wine;
The only good bard is a dead one.

A poet needs a good mortician
To make his fame forever shine;
Or, in a state of inanition,
He need not heed sharp tongues malign;
Though savage critics should combine
To put him down a poor misled one,
Why should he live *to peak and pine?*
The only good bard is a dead one.

Complaisant as contented kine,
The living poets! Have you read one?
If all of them were good, how fine!
The only good bard is a dead one.

R. DESHA LUCAS.

PARADISE LOST

(Baritone Solo, to be accompanied by a Lugubrious Guitar)

Dey's catfish swimmin' in de ribber,
Lawd!
Dey's bees fotchin' honey to de comb;
But de bees an' de fishes, dey don' mean nothin'
When a cullud man's los' his home,
O Lawd!
Po' black man los' his home.

Dey's a houn' dawg baying' in de hollow, Lawd!
Dey's banjos ringin' in de gloam;
But de songs in de moonlight are songs of sorrow
When a cullud man's los' his home,
O Lawd!
Po' black man los' his home.

I'll staht off early in de mawnin', Lawd!
Dey's nobody carin' whar I roam;
But my cabin's so lonesome, I jes' kaint bear it—
I'm *de cullud man's los' his home,*
O Lawd!
Po' black man los' his home.

HOMER M. PARSONS.

SMALL WORDS

(A Monosyllabic Sonnet)

Small words are those that have so much to say
If we but know their use. Think of the joy
Their first book brings to the young girl and boy:
Those big, tall A B C's so bright and gay;
The tales of pigs that run and dogs at play—
Of cats that chase the rats, and see how coy
The frog is on his log! Each word a toy
To him who plays with words and goes his way.

Small words are best, I think. Birth, love and death,
And joy and grief make all in all the sum
Of what we know and do not know. The breath
Of life stirs in us, and thought stirs the mind
With words, and small words are the best to find—
Best, if from words so small great thoughts may come.

ELFRIDA DE RENNE BARROW.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

W. B., Saint David's, Pa., sends a letter for the club studying Australia in fiction, and I hope those who are interested in the subject will mark it for reference.

SHE is not altogether pleased with the selection of D. H. Lawrence's "Kangaroo" for purposes of documentation. "As an Australian, I think this book though true, gives a false idea of the country. 'Madeline's Heritage', by Martin Mills, which was obtainable in New York and Philadelphia at Christmas, gives a very clear and true idea of the social life of the past from 1840 to 1921; it also shows the heritage of many Australians. 'For the Term of his Natural Life,' by Marcus Clarke, is suggested as being the history of another type of settler; these two books show the different lives of the early years. 'The Lone Star Rush' is a tale of the gold rush in Western Australia, which is quite different to the gold rush stories of this country. As Mr. Hoover was in Australia in the district in which this story is laid, and about the same year, it would be interesting to Americans. It could no doubt be obtained through the Macmillan Company. 'The Little Black Princess' and 'We of the Never Never', both by Mrs. Aeneas Gunn, published by Hutchinson, London, are on lives out back of the center of Australia, where the flyers are reported to be lost. 'Timber Wolves' and 'Coast Landers,' are by Bertram Cronin; the first would act as a contrast to 'The Term of his Natural Life', as it is on the timber industry of Tasmania today. 'Martin Cash, the Bushranger of Van Diemen's Land', is a Tasmanian story of early days. 'Robbery Under Arms,' obtainable in New York, is very interesting. Katherine Pritchard's books are not what an Australian would recommend."

...ork, soon to visit ...ks about Bruges and Cologne, not guide-

...Bruges," by Gilliat-..., is history, legend, ...bined. There is no ...t that I know of, but ... Belgium in general in which the city figures. "Belgium Old and New," by George Wharton Edwards (Penn), has beautiful color plates from paintings. "Flanders and Hainault," by Clive Holland, is one of the well-illustrated guides issued by the Medici Society; the photographs in this series are unusually good. "Belgium: its Cities," by G. Allen, and "The Spell of Belgium," by L. W. Anderson, are published by Page. "The Treasure House of Belgium," by Emil Cammaerts (Macmillan) is a large and freely-illustrated volume describing the nation's history, social life, literature and art. I do not find as much about Cologne in English as my admiration for this town would wish; "The Spell of the Rhine," by F. R. Fraprie (Page), "Towns and People of Modern Germany" by Robert McBride (McBride), and the large and expensive picture-book "Picturesque Germany" (Brentano) are all I know, and of these it is but part. I wrote about Cologne myself in the *Publisher's Weekly* this summer, revisiting the city after a long interval, and attending there the great "Pressa" exposition.

F. E. T., a psychiatric social worker in Philadelphia, sends me a copy of a letter she has sent to nine magazines devoted to the study of children, receiving replies she calls "surprisingly poor and impractical." I had seen the letter before; one of them sent it on to me and I dodged it. Now the problem is put up to me squarely; a girl of eighteen of average intelligence, just enough to enable her to get through high school, comes from a family of fairly high intelligence level, but low social and financial levels. By the latter is meant in this instance that there are emotional differences between the parents, and almost no opportunities for experiences and contacts outside home and school. The girl is fond of reading and it is desired to supervise it from a psychiatric standpoint—from a literary point of view Dickens, Eliot, Stevenson, and Dumas would do, but for psychiatric purposes books are needed which are in touch with contemporary life and which present, in the wider sense of the word, sex problems. The inquirer believes that an ideal book of this sort for a girl with a high school education would be Galsworthy's "Dark Flower"; simpler books, for a girl without high school education, are badly needed. What can I suggest; which of Tarkington, Dorothy Canfield? What about "The Interpreter's House"?

WHAT little I know of the approaches through literature to a heart between hay and grass has mainly been gathered from spontaneous confidences of young people at this time of life. Older people ask me about books; children tell me about them. "Have you read 'Men of Iron'?" cries John of the sixth grade, bending upon me a bright appraising eye, ready with reasons why I must lose no time in making good that loss. Sometimes what Clemence Dane calls "the power of mobility—the ability to let emotion break through," so holds out against the inhibitions of the 'teens that under the influence of a strong enthusiasm it may break into words. If you have been so fortunate as to have established relations of mutual respect with a child (by not putting on airs), some day you may have a report on a book that has roused such enthusiasm in an adolescent.

Such a report lately came to me from the Northwest. The writer is not likely to read it here; she is another lambkin not of this fold. She lives in a small town with a wild Indian name and a tame isolated existence, far from what cities call "everything." There is a high school, however, and out of this came a note, dated 8:30 on a Monday morning and written in pencil, from which the following outburst is taken:

> I have just finished reading a real book. Its truth, its actual vitality took me off my feet like some unknown wind. You mentioned it in "Adventures in Reading"—it's "The Old Wives Tale." Probably I was most interested in Sophia. I nearly lost faith in her when she and Gerald were in Paris, but somehow she never lost that driving power that was the Baines in her. . . .

Mary writes to me only under a full head of steam; in ink and at home, it appears, she can't write naturally, but half an hour before the last bell rings she may be impelled to report—

> There was one other thing I managed to read in vacation, Ibsen's "Doll's House." There's something about the play—perhaps it's the suspense—that just held my attention to the last. . . . Do you like history? I haven't had much, but I think it's as romantic and thrilling and realistic as fiction. You once wrote to study as much English and French history as you could, because it was such an immense travel help. I'm going to.

The latest entrants into her hall of fame are "The Green Bay Tree," "Typee," and "An American Idyll"—by the way, this should surely be put in the way of the girl under discussion. Mary lives in a district where H. B. Wright yet holds the fort and where, I doubt not, copies of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" might still be found in circulation. It will be noted that none of the books to which she so vigorously reacts were written with an eye to the adolescent mind. I can even believe that there are rural districts where Nora would find herself debarred from the society of the young reading person. But mark the phrases: "a real book," "its actual vitality," "something about the play." It is my conviction that the only books likely to do a young girl good would be described by her in some such terms. Beyond that, about all an adviser can do with real, vital books with something about them is to help the girl find her own book among them by the old method of trial and error.

There is no playing safe with generalizations in giving advice like this. You cannot, for instance, tell the girl to stick to the English classics. This is not because one of the classics is "Tom Jones," but because, as this observer has no doubt noted, when it comes to taking advice, a young person shies off from anything written before he was born. There is a book for girls called "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" into which Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has incorporated one of the few absolutely fundamental ideals of character building to be found in juvenile fiction. Something in your life, she says, is bound to be crowded out; your character will depend upon what it is that you permit to be crowded out.

(*Continued on page* 1011)

WALTER LIPPMANN
Author of
A PREFACE TO MORALS

MR. LIPPMANN'S new book was chosen unanimously by the five judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, as the May "book-of-the-month" of that organization.

The book is not one for lazy readers. It was described by the editor of the *Book-of-the-Month Club News* as the "philosophy—simple, immensely refreshing, understandable, reasoned, and above all valuable—of a shrewd modern among moderns, a man who has read his philosophy and science, and has yet accepted them not too blindly . . . and who has succeeded in reaching these few bare heartening conclusions for himself".

A long pre-publication report about this book—the above is a quotation from it—went out as usual to our one hundred thousand subscribers. As far as we can judge at this writing, it seems that *approximately sixty-five thousand will take the book,* instead of any of the alternates reported upon by our judges.

This is the normal percentage of those who take the "book-of-the-month." About thirty-five thousand of our subcribers every month—a largely different group each time, of course, depending upon the books—avail themselves of their privilege of either taking an alternate, or no book at all, if none appeals to them.

This interesting record of how a weighty book, such as this, is regarded by our subscribers is a pertinent commentary on the twaddle written recently—and declaimed—about the imaginary unconscious pressure upon our judges to choose more popular books, because we have so many subscribers. Below is some other direct and interesting evidence on this point: namely, the last twelve books chosen by our judges, going backward:

A PREFACE TO MORALS By Walter Lippmann
HENRY THE EIGHTH By Francis Hackett
THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP By Joan Lowell
KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER By Sigrid Undset
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN By H. W. Freeman
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA By Arnold Zweig
WHITHER MANKIND Edited by Charles Beard
HUNGER FIGHTERS By Paul de Kruif
THE CHILDREN By Edith Wharton
JOHN BROWN'S BODY By Stephen Vincent Benet
BAMBI By Felix Salten
THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM & CAPITALISM By George Bernard Shaw

Three guesses as to which was the most "popular". You're wrong! It was "Kristin Lavransdatter"! Indeed, that book has been far and away the best-liked choice our judges have ever made. This simple fact—astonishing to most people with preconceived ideas about this organization—is a beautiful bit of evidence as to the type of reader who subscribes to this organization.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
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The New Books

History

(*Continued from page* 1006)

1824 by the British Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, produced no dire results: "I am conscientiously convinced that if we allow these new states to consolidate their system and their policy with the United States of America, it will in a very few years prove fatal to our greatness, if not endanger our safety."

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN. By *Thomas Robson Hay*. Neale. $3.

HISTORY OF MARYLAND. By *Matthew Page Andrews*. Doubleday, Doran. $7.25 net.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION FROM ATHENS TO LOCARNO. By *Jackson H. Ralston*. Stanford. $5.

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE IN BIBLICAL TIMES. By *Dr. Max Radin*. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN FRANKFORT. By *A. Freimann* and *F. Kracauer*. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

OUR REPUBLIC. By *S. E. Forman*. New York: Century. $4.

THE GALLANT PELHAM. By *Philip Mercer*. Macon, Ga.: The J. W. Burke Co. $1.50.

THE DAY OF YAHWEH. By *William Arthur Heidel, Ph.D.* New York: Century Co.

Juvenile

FLOWER SONG. The Romance of Jane Alden. By *Helen Catheryn Willis*. Boston: Stratford Co. $2.

THE LAST WANIGAN. By *Kent Curtis*. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.00.

MAN'S GREAT ADVENTURE. By *Stephen Southwold*. Longmans, Green. $1.75.

THE MAGIC INKPOT. By the *Marchioness of Londonderry*. Macmillan.

LIVING WILD. By *Agnes Chowen*. Dutton. $2.50.

HINDU FABLES. By *Dhan Gopal Mukerji*. Dutton. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

VOICE AND VERSE. By *H. C. Colles*. Oxford. $3.

BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE. By *Hardney Lee Marcoux*. Van Nostrand. $2.50.

ON THE BOTTOM. By *Commander Edward Ellsberg*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

I LIKE DIVING. By *Tom Eadie*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE XIT RANCH OF TEXAS. By *J. Evetts Haley*. Chicago: Lakeside Press.

OPPORTUNITY AHEAD! Edited by *Clayton Holt Ernst* and *Trentwell Mason White*. Appleton. $1.50.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL REVISED. By *David Nichol Smith, R. W. Chapman*, and *L. F. Powell*. Oxford University Press. $3.

CIVIC TRAINING IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By *Samuel N. Harper*. University of Chicago. $5.

THE SEX LIFE OF YOUTH. By *Grace Loucks Elliott* and *Harry Bone*. Association Press.

TWENTY PROBLEMS OF THE FICTION WRITER. By *John Gallishaw*. Putnams. $5.

Poetry

THE EATEN HEART. By *Richard Aldington*. Chapelle-Réauville, Eure, France: The Hours Press. £1.11.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF REVOLUTIONARY POETRY. Edited by *Marcus Graham*. New York: The Active Press Inc. $3.

SARAH SIMON. By *Hervey Allen*. Doubleday, Doran.

PHEIDIAS. By *John Galen Howard*. Macmillan. $2.50.

CHIEF MODERN POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Selected and edited by *Gerald DeWitt Sanders* and *John Herbert Nelson*. Macmillan. $2.25.

GOLDEN FALCON. By *Robert P. Tristram Coffin*. Macmillan. $1.50.

Religion

THE BELIEFS OF 700 MINISTERS AND THEIR MEANING FOR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By *George Herbert Betts*. New York: Abingdon Press. $1.

JESUS OF NAZARETH. By *Charles Gore*. Home University Library. Holt. $1.

THE POPE AND ITALY. By *Wilfrid Parsons*. New York: The America Press.

EFFECTIVE PREACHING. Edited by *G. Bromley Oxnam*. New York: The Abingdon Press. $1.50.

CHRIST IN THE UNIVERSE. By *William Riley Halstead*. Neale. $2.

Science

THE CURATIVE VALUE OF THE MIND. By *Marcus Rosenberg*. New York: Dean & Co. $1.50.

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE. By *Major R. W. G. Hingston*. Macmillan.

OLD AGE. By *Alfred Scott Warthin*. Hoeber. $2 net.

Sociology

RETURN TO LAISSEZ FAIRE. By SIR ERNEST BENN. Appleton. 1928.

This book is an indictment of the collectivist policies of modern governments and the futility of all politicians by a writer who is confident that we are on the verge of a revival of nineteenth-century individualism. One turns to it with some eagerness, hoping to have discovered at last a satisfactory rejoinder to the arguments of our prolific socialist writers. In this hope, he is soon disappointed; but as he reads on he finds compensation in the entertaining style, the caustic wit, the arresting illustration with which the author develops his thesis. Sir Ernest Benn is a belated colleague of Herbert Spencer. His whole-hearted belief in the virtues of individualism is a survival from an earlier age and a simpler social order. He is at his best when drawing caricatures of our much-governed world and ridiculing the easy optimism of the doctrinaire socialist. The weaknesses of his case are exhibited when he brings it to bear upon specific social problems, such as the problem of unemployment. But this is a necessary consequence of his social philosophy which, opposing all attempts to solve these problems by collective action, is concerned to prove that they do not exist.

One need not share in the author's convictions to find merit in his argument. The book by no means disposes of the socialists' case. But it serves the purpose of compelling the reader to re-examine the fundamentals of the reform programs, and incidentally contributes a fresh and buoyant tone to an over-serious subject.

Travel

DEEP-SEA BUBBLES. By HENRY H. BOOTES. Appleton. 1929. $3.

For those who relish the bizarre in their stories of whaling adventure this book, subtitled "The Cruise of the *Anna Lombard*," is submitted. Aboard a clipper ship in the late 'eighties a kindly captain assembled a carefully picked crew, a professor, and two eminent German doctors, a steward who was an exiled Chinese prince, a white-haired mate who lived in an atmosphere of mystery and romance, and the author in the capacity of third officer. Then the ship took her departure from London for a Pacific whaling cruise whose purpose was scientific research rather than commercial gain. Instead of try-works for boiling whale blubber, the *Lombard* was equipped with an elaborate (and very mysterious) refining plant for the reduction and medication of spermacetti—the fragrant oil contained within the head of the sperm whale. The refinery was always kept locked, even from the third mate, and as its scientific custodians invariably discussed it in German, the author never quite understood its *modus operandi*.

But he knew his whales and in a contemporary log which has here been rewritten he recorded his battles with them and their combats with other monsters of the deep, such as the cuttlefish (*Sepia octopedia*), the killer whale (*Orca pladiator*), the rorqual (*Rorqualis australis*), and the great man-eating shark (*Carcharias melanopteras*). Yes, the third officer of the *Lombard* knew his Latin, even though deficient in the German tongue, and along with the adventures of a unique whaling cruise there is a great deal of ichthyological information for the sober-minded.

Names of personnel and ship have been changed for publication, but in an introduction the author vouches for the authenticity of the cruise. It is well that he does so, for many of the incidents and coincidences would otherwise have the ring of mid-Victorian fiction.

KIRK ON THE ZAMBESI. By R. COUPLAND. Oxford University Press. 1929. $6.50.

When David Livingstone and his Zambesi expedition sailed from England on March 10, 1858, they knew they were embarked on a dangerous and difficult undertaking. Their forebodings were more than fulfilled: the party was beset by disease and, still worse, by discord among its members. Every one, including the leader, lost his temper at some time or other, every one except the hero of this volume. The young John Kirk, botanist of the expedition, comes out of it all much better than any of his colleagues. He showed himself possessed of a level head and rare good humor.

In spite of Mr. Coupland's inability or unwillingness to characterize his people, the three main figures of the expedition (Kirk and the Livingstone brothers) comes out clearly enough. Baines, Captain Bedingfield, Rae, and the other, lesser figures remain mere names, however—a serious defect, for the story is one of men rather than events. In general, the author has told it without imagination and in a clumsy, jumbled way. There is much that is moving, and even exciting, in the history of the Zambesi expedition; one gets from it a sense of the futility, colossal, mirth-provoking, and tragic, of the white man's "civilizing" of Africa. But this in spite of Mr. Coupland, who has made a dull narrative out of his interesting material.

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Birrell & Garnett's Catalogue

IT should have been noted in the review of the catalogue of printers' specimen books issued by Birrell & Garnett, printed in a recent number of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, that there are two editions, the paper covered at one dollar, and another on special paper, bound, at three dollars. R.

"Mount Olympus"

THE ascent of Mount Olympus by Francis P. Farquhar and Aristides E. Phoutrides in 1914 was one of the earlier expeditions nearly to reach the summit of the mountain. The previous expeditions, of which there had apparently been very few, had hardly known where they were going or what they attained to. Since this 1914 expedition the mountain has been more carefully studied and mapped, and several climbers have made the summit. The account of the 1914 climb has been written in a simple and engaging style and not too long. To the account have been added notes on previous and later expeditions, a sonnet written by Mr. Phoutrides, a bibliography, a map of Greece, and a diagrammatic map of Tempe, from the Antwerp edition of Ortelius, 1590. Mr. Farquhar contributes a preface in memory of Phoutrides.

The printing of the book is noteworthy. It has been done by Johnck & Seeger and S. T. Farquhar of San Francisco. Nine hundred and fifty copies have been issued on Rives paper, bound in cloth back and paper sides. The type is Linotype Granjon. There are five admirable photogravure plates by Elson, from photographs by Mr. Francis Farquhar. R.

De Musset's "Fantasio"

FANTASIO, a comedy in two acts, written by Alfred de Musset and translated into English by Maurice Baring, is the title of a new issue from the Pleiad press. The design of the book is by Frederic Warde, and the printing has been done by the Dutch firm of Enschedé with Dutch (Lutetia) type and Dutch paper. The printing is good, and the Lutetia type, which is really a very fine face, makes a satisfactory vehicle for the dialogue.

The chief point to be noted in the book however, is the successful handling of the illustrations. They have been done by Fernand Giauque, a Swiss artist, and in the words of the announcement by the publishers, "are of great charm and novelty, combining a sophisticated technique with the vigorous naïveté of a medieval miniaturist." Ten of them are reproduced by lithography, and two are hand colored. The two processes are successfully handled: the color pictures lend a great deal of sparkle to the book, and being done without "key plates" (printed outlines in black) have a freedom and spontaneity which is delightful. Five hundred and fifty copies have been printed, of which two hundred and fifty are for sale in this country (Harpers) for $10. R.

"Vernal Blossoms That Bear No Fruit Eternal"

"LIMITED EDITIONS." The *New York World* announced the other day that "So great has been the demand for the limited edition of Louis Bromfield's 'Awake and Rehearse' which Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish April 15, that the number of signed copies has been increased from 250 to 500." This reminds one of some of the tales told of limited editions of yesteryear from East Aurora.

I WISH that so amusing an idea as the "Life of H.R.H. the Duke of Flamborough" had been more satisfactorily printed. Ever since the announcement of the history of the great button collector I have looked forward to seeing the book. And now it is a disappointment. Too much was attempted, and too little accomplished. Apparently there was an effort to give the book a "period" style, but happily even the books of that mauve time did not flaunt all the types of the office all over the title-page. The trouble is that the title-page to the Flamborough is based on the poor "job" work of the time: the books of the same period are dull enough as to type and arrangement. The binding of the Flamborough book, horrible as it is, nevertheless gives much more of a suggestion of the period. R.

Random House Announces

ABOUT the most attractive printing used by any publisher on his own announcements comes from Random House. It's Spring announcement just at hand, with yellow cover printed in two colors, and inside pages in well-handled Garamond type, is one proof. Among the issues scheduled for early appearance are: "The Bookplates and Marks of Rockwell Kent," 1250 copies, small quarto on Japanese soft paper, by the Pynson Printers, at $10; Random House "Dr. Jeckyll & Mr. Hyde," with lively pictures by W. A. Dwiggins, 1200 copies at $10; Random House Poetry Quartos, twelve new and unpublished poems by American poets, 475 sets at $10; "A Narrative of the Life of Mary Jemison, the White Woman of the Genesee," 950 copies at $6. Crosby Gaige's new "Fountain Press" is represented by George Moore's "Edward Dujardin," A. A. Milne's "The Secret and other Stories," Huxley's "Arabia Felix," Cabell's "Sonnets from Antan," Yeats's "The Winding Stair," Galsworthy's "New Forsyte Stories," and Frost's "The Light of the World"—each a "first" for both England and America. The Nonsuch Press is credited with new titles as follows: Lamartine's "Graziella," Beckford's "Vathek," and Fontanelle's "Plurality of Worlds." The Spiral Press will present the first volumes in an important series of books in American literature under the editorship of Howard M. Jones, with the Poe's "Poems," and Wigglesworth's "The Day of Doom." Other volumes are announced from the Golden Cockerel Press (including a new translation of Flaubert's "Salammbo" by E. Powys Mathers, with engravings by Robert Gibbings), Peter Davies ("Some Greek Love Poems"), Haslewood Books, Victor Gollancz, and the Fleuron Press. Pynson Printers have in hand "The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland," with an introduction by Alfred M. Hamill, a portrait lithograph by Rockwell Kent, and over a hundred pages of reproductions of Cleland's work. Perhaps the most important announcement of books from abroad is of two Bremer Press issues, "The Iliad, and the Odyssey," 10 sets available in America (of 615 printed) at $140, and St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," 10 copies for America (of 385 printed) at $75.

No list of such richness in typography has appeared for a long time, and when one considers the considerable variety of treatment, and the number of foreign presses brought together in one list, the Random House announcement is of very great interest. R.

"Sarah Simon"

FOR a long time it has seemed to me that it might be possible to use colored paper to print books on. There has been a slavish devotion to white or cream paper which denied the typographer one legitimate way of adding to the character of his book. Mr. Rogers's "Wedgewood Medallion" was a notable instance of colored paper used for a limited edition. There have been a few other tentative attempts. Here is another, Hervey Allen's "Sarah Simon, Character Atlantean," issued by Doubleday, Doran, and printed by Richard Ellis at the Georgian Press. The paper is a light blue (somewhat too heavy to be quite right, which, with the Gallic type used, serves admirably to get away from the inevitable white. It is an interestingly conceived and a well-executed book. Three hundred and eleven copies have been printed. R.

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"OLD MRS. CHUNDLE"

THE charge is difficult to refute that American books as a whole are too thoroughly "machined" to possess the agreeable variety and individuality of form which makes them lively things. The last time I heard this, from an English book-man, he said parenthetically, "I am not including Merrymount Press books." As fate willed it, the next book at hand for consideration is "Old Mrs. Chundle," a short story by Thomas Hardy, published by Crosby Gaige, and printed at the Merrymount Press by Updike. Books from that press do possess individuality and something beside merely good type-setting and presswork. This typographic "It" is due very largely, I think, to the extraordinary skill and taste with which Mr. Updike selects his type faces. The present issue is done in that very satisfying Janson type which is pre-Caslon and delicious. It is used to produce a very choice small, thin quarto, of which 742 copies have been printed on white paper, and 13 on gray.

AT THE GROLIER CLUB

Let me mention a few of the books at present on exhibition at the Grolier Club. Among them are books of Christian Kleukens, the first of the German printers to found a press in Darmstadt in 1907. Most of his books are set up and printed by himself. They were published under three different imprints, that is, under the name of the Ernst Ludwig Presse, the Kleukens Presse, and the Mainzer Presse. His most important work is an edition of Shakespeare, which is dedicated to the memory of Cobden-Sanderson and which is appearing in sixteen volumes.

Next are the books of the Officina Serpentis in Berlin, which was founded in 1911 by Ernest Tieffenbach, who also sets and prints his books himself. His chief book is an edition of the Divine Comedy illustrated with woodcuts after the designs of *Botticelli*. Some minor presses follow, which have printed fewer books, the Insel Presse and the Janus Presse in Leipzig, the Ratio Presse in Darmstadt, the Juniperus Presse at Stuttgart.

There is also shown the work of two typographers who have not presses of their own but who supervise the printing of their books, Rudolph Koch in Offenbach, and Marcus Behmer in Berlin. Both are interesting because of the variety of their typographical work, and therefore could not be omitted from this exhibition. There are books of the press of Miss Oda Weitbrecht in Hamburg, the only woman in Germany who does her printing entirely herself, and books of Count Harry Kessler which are published in Weimar under the name of the Cranach Presse. Count Kessler has printed only a few books, but they are among the best of the modern German printings. His edition of Vergil with woodcuts by Aristide Maillol is dedicated to the memory of William Morris. This book had been in work for seventeen years. It appeared only last year, but as long ago as 1911 I saw the first proofs.

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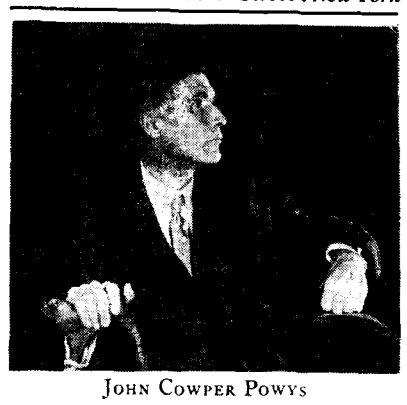

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It will be published on Thursday, May 16th.

Our own adorations and hosannahs will find no utterance in this preliminary salute. It were more seemly to begin with the acclaim of *others*. Know all men by these presents, therefore, that among the authors who have read advance proofs of *Wolf Solent* and have accorded it literally superlative tributes are:

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CLARENCE DARROW

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THE PHOENIX NEST

O, *Robert C. Benchley*, who *is* this *Robert C. Binkley* who writes on the doom of self-government in the New Republic? 'Tis not the old name,—or have you gone on the binkley? . . . .

Once we drew a picture of what we thought was a Rocky Mountain sheep. It was reproduced with appropriate rhyme in the pages of this *Review*. However, though Nemesis may not always move fast it approaches eventually. Hearken to the voice of Nemesis through the mouth of *Harry McGuire*, Associate Editor of *Outdoor Life!*

If—
You sometimes saved your SATURDAY REVIEW
For leisurely perusal in a year or two,
And had, like me, just read the issue of December, '27,
You might, like me, have had occasion to remember
That mountain sheep
(Ovis canadensis)
And mountain goats
(Oreamnos americanus)
Despite a similarity in habitat and diet,
And habits Stylitean for reserve, hauteur, and quiet,
Are different in genus, appearance, and demeanor—
Like the lady who was fat and the lady who was leaner.
In short—
They're not at all the same.
Perhaps you thought, dear Nimrod, that a Goat by any other name
Would smell as sweet.

Again the Dido Cave has spoken! Vol. II, No. 2 of this typewritten contemporary of ours has arrived, carefully typed by the intrepid *Carthaginian*. It contains two anecdotes. One is about how the sacred Minutes of one of our best Poetry Societies were once reft from the keeping of *Mr. Joseph Auslander*. And the second, says the Cathaginian, is like unto it. We haven't room for both, so we quote the second:

In another Poetry Movement, the one where the Golden Rose has taken upon itself the office of the Olympian laurel, the judges decided one year that instead of awarding it to the poet of a single poem, they would give it to the poet whose work as a whole merited such distinction. And so they met and talked and toiled and broiled, and at length it was decided that the Golden Rose should be tossed with a graceful gesture to *Mr. Robert Frost*. Mr. Frost, unaware of the honor awaiting him, was at a distance so they informed him by letter, and then fearing to trust so fragile a burthen to the parcel post, they wrapped up the Golden Rose, and tied it, and ticketed it "To be called for" and left it at the main office. Well, and then, nobody called. Days went by, and weeks went by, and years for aught we know, and still the Golden Rose remained unculled. "And there," said the little lady who was telling the story in a very aggrieved little voice, "and there was poor *Miss Frothingham* all that time with that Golden Rose on her hands!"

David Hamilton, the author of "Pale Warriors," a first novel that Scribner's have brought out, is a Yale graduate of the class of 1916. At college he was an editor of the lit and a member of the "Dramat." After graduation he studied painting at the Art Students' League of New York, but left for war service in France in October, 1917, serving until the war was over. After the war he took up painting again, and served for two years as a member of the board of control of the Art Students' League. He is known as an etcher and a poet. . . .

Everybody within the last two years has been talking about "Dracula," of course, though the best talk we ever had about "Dracula" was up in the high Sierras in the summer of—it must have been 1907 or 1908. But we wonder how many of the "Dracula" admirers have read "Dracula's Guest, and Other Weird Stories," by *Bram Stoker*, published in London in 1914? And just to prove that we're not merely getting snooty about it, we'll admit we've never read it ourselves,—simply ran across it in a recent catalogue from G. A. Van Nosdall of 446 East 88th Street. . . .

R. R. Donnelly & Sons, of 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, announce, as The Lakeside Press, an enterprise of printing and publishing some definitive editions of American illustrated books, though we have a suspicion that we told you this before. They command such illustrators as *Rockwell Kent* for *Melville's* "Moby Dick" and *W. A. Dwiggins* for *Poe's* "Tales" . . . .

Very attractive is Coward-McCann's "Songs of Today Series," books of poetry that so far include the following titles: "Compass Rose," by *Elizabeth Coatsworth*, "Nearer the Bone," by *Charles A. Wagner*, "Bands and Rebels," by *Keene Wallis* (seven stories in verse), and "Angel Arms," by *Kenneth Fearing*. . . .

The Enemy No. 3, edited and largely written by the indefatigable *Wyndham Lewis* contains a florid but rather arresting poem, "The Albatross," by the South African poet, *Roy Campbell*. . . .

In "Pheidias," by *John Galen Howard*, published by the Macmillan Company, appears a long poem in blank verse, a book of novel size, telling the life story of the great Greek sculptor. It is told in the first person. . . .

We have long wondered who *E. B. W.* was, who wrote verses in the *New Yorker*. It turns out that he is *E. B. White*, whose verse has been collected into a book now and published by Harper. He is thirty years old, was born in Mount Vernon, first went to work for the *United Press*, then for a house organ, and finally joined the American Legion News Service. Then he journeyed to the Coast and reported for the Seattle *Times*, after which he shipped with the crew of a boat bound for the Aleutian Islands, Nome, and the Arctic Ocean. After that voyage he came back to New York as copy writer in an advertising agency. He is now on the editorial staff of the *New Yorker* and writes both verse and prose for it. The volume before us he has titled "The Lady is Cold." We like Mr. White's more serious moments almost as well as we like his more humorous ones; and he gives one the true tang of New York; but best of all, really, we like his one excursion into pure idiocy, with "Algernon Charles Swinburne, slightly cock-eyed, sees the old year out." This is the final verse:

From too much dusty sweeping,
From too much Harold Ross,
We place in Lindbergh's keeping
A nation's tennis loss,
Where songs and dead winds sighing,
And Dorothy Parker crying,
Repose, with non-stop flying,
'Neath the eternal moss.

We can recommend the new *Leonard H. Nason* novel, out May third, "The Man in the White Slicker," (Doubleday, Doran). It is again a war novel, about the head nurse of a machine gun and six hard-boiled eggs on the Argonne. Nason is known among his intimates as "Steamer." He is one of the best of the American war writers. . . .

"The Sleeveless Errand," by *Norah C. James*, which was suppressed in England, when published by the Scholartis Press, is to be brought out over here, though we've forgotten by which publisher. . . .

A new novelist's name, *Lorna Rea*, has been pronounced so divergently that at length *Allen Marple* of the advertising department in the Harper organization has burst into song as follows:

On Harper's list this Spring you'll see
"Six Mrs. Greenes," by Lorna Rea.

"A fine clear style," says F. P. A.
In complimenting Lorna Rea.

Poor Mr. Green; the man must be a
Trifle blue—thanks to Miss Rea.

The editorial department of Harpers is of the opinion that the first couplet gives the correct version. . . .

Barbara Frost of the Stokes Company writes us saying that that firm is encouraged regarding the salability of books of short stories if the success of *Louis Bromfield's* volume, "Awake and Rehearse," is any indication.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page* 1007)

There was never a time when this idea was more needed in the life of a girl of Leslie Goldthwaite's age than it is now, but it needs all the enthusiasm of some older and trusted person to get this book into the heart of a girl of to-day, for one of the things crowded out of Leslie's life that summer in the interest of human values was the embroidery of yards of linen edging to be placed upon underwear for a hope-chest. Now hope may yet be springing eternal in the breast of the mid-'teens, but the chest is gone, gone is the embroidered edging, gone the garments it adorned. The trouble is that in the mind of the 'teens the idea usually goes along with it; life was so different, they think, in the days when they wore underpetticoats, you simply can't argue from it. It was indeed different. Between my mother's generation and mine the corset changed its outline, but between mine and my daughter's it disappeared. Let it stand for other supports and constrictions. If a girl is often safer now than she was when she had to be at home by ten o'clock at night, it is because she then was trained to be on guard against the violence of the guile of men, and her defenses were not up against her only real enemy, her own heart. The girl in Elmer Rice's "Street Scene"—the play may now be read in the edition published by French—tells more truth in ten minutes of the last act than it is given to most of us to see in ten years.

For a beginning with the authors named in the question, "Alice Adams" is in effect a case-study of a contemporary girl, and one of the most useful "from a psychiatric standpoint" that one could find; "Her Son's Wife" has a genuine girl in it, a good companion for this girl; "The Interpreter's House" I have found interesting to young readers because people in it talk things over, things that young people do talk over. There are several admirable novels in the

r such a list as this.
about girls in other
ys," by Theodora Ben-
ut two young English
g men; it is like hear-
upposing that they had
as a determination to
nd the boarding-school
It is a comfort to find
which life is not alto-
hoydens or neurotics.
M. J. Farrell (Holt),
comes from Ireland; these girls are friends living in the country within motor-reach of Dublin, but so different from the "pretty painted Dubliners" that they look like creatures from another sphere when they come in for the day and move among them, "large and sweet and pleasant." They say damn frequently, but no more so than all the college girls I have met, and their dogs are as bright as they are. "The Book of Bette," by Eleanor Mercein (Harper), takes place in Spain and the Basque country; the girl is a *jeune fille bien élevée*, whose successive experiments at being fallen-in-love-with make the book; it is full of the romance to which a girl at this time is entitled, in or out of her reading, and under a Spanish sky romance seems more appropriate than it might seem under the shadow of the skyscrapers. "Liv," by Kathleen Coyle (Dutton), is the deepest and noblest of the lot; I would let any girl take a chance at it, but I have an idea it will be comprehended only in the light of a larger experience; a Norse girl (the name means Life, but there is nothing allegorical about the book) is bent upon going to Paris to see the world; she does, falls in love with a man she cannot marry, and comes home almost before her friends know that she has gone. Now, however, she can live in Norway; in Paris she would have been always not so much a *déracinée* as a creature without any roots at all. This gives a poor idea of a fine novel; I hope it leads someone to discover how much more there is in it than this synopsis puts on record.

Of the new American novels with young girls in the centre, "The Buffer," by Alice Hegan Rice (Century), is one to be put into this young girl's way. It is a good-humored story about an altruist in a family of pleasant determined egotists, and for all its slim plot keeps a reader guessing almost to the last about its outcome. This is as it should be, for anyone with experience in family life knows that there is no telling what an altruist will do, as you never know in the interests of which member of the family she may be working at the time. Mother, with the good of Jane, John, Susan and Father at heart, has four ways in which to jump; Jane, working firmly in the interests of Jane, may be depended upon to jump in just one way. In Mrs. Rice's story the altruist is a young girl. "Betty Leicester," by Sara Orne Jewett (Houghton), is out in a new edition; it dates less than any girls' book of its generation, and the heroine is of high-school age. "The Treadmill," by Lola Jean Simpson (Macmillan), is a high-school novel; a girl just from college teaches history in one and has a hard time. It sounds reliable, and youth flames no more than any youth knows quite well it does.

This brings up once more the question of the responsibility of the realist toward the young person, or rather, of the book-adviser who puts realism into the young person's hands. On a Friday afternoon not so long ago a high-school girl took the seat beside me in a street car and began at once to read a novel; beside her in a book-strap were four other novels and a geometry. My professional activities made it possible for me to know that in three of those works of fiction young women had made what one may modestly call prematrimonial experiments, and gone on rejoicing. It seemed to me that the proportion was a trifle excessive, not only in respect to the geometry but in respect to the girl's week-end fictional diet—which had evidently been assembled by borrowing current novels from her friends and at the circulating library on the corner. I really would not advise a young girl to take it for granted that this is as yet accepted social usage, and if she keeps up this line of research she may be likely to get the idea that it is. Fortunately, however, young people are much less influenced by what they read than older people fear they will be. Novels are in general written by older people, young folks don't believe much of anything we say, why should we be so afraid they will take for granted and for model everything we write?

There are, all over the country, "Reader's Assistants" attached to the great public libraries. This problem must have been faced by many of them, and I would be glad of their reports on how they met it, and of reports from anyone whose experience has been hand-to-hand, not altogether theoretical. Perhaps we may gather a list of books whereby a girl without much chance to see the world may get an idea of it that will help her to function normally in the little world in which she lives.

Speaking of "Reader's Assistants," Miss Hanson, the one attached to the Detroit Public Library, gave me the thrill of my career as a Guide when I dropped in at that palatial establishment on a Western trip, this month. She took me into her office and showed me a large file in which, mounted on cards and most ingeniously classified by subject, was every item that has appeared in this department for the past four years! The thrill, however, came when I tried to borrow the file—for this is so far as I know the only index to the Guide which does not figure in the general index of the *Saturday Review of Literature*—she told me that they could not spare it even for a day, it was so constantly in use. I have heard rumors that the Guide was doing service in this way—indeed I once came upon it in Paris, neatly pasted on cards for the use of inquirers at the American Library—but this is the first time I have actually handled a classified file catalogued as Mrs. Becker. I would be glad to hear from anyone who has made a similar use of these suggestions.

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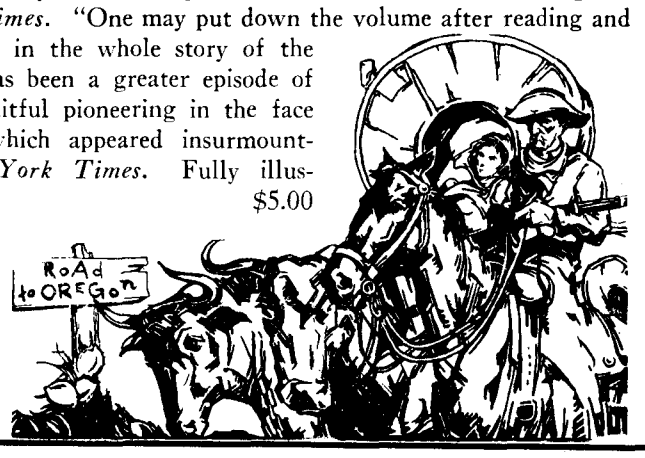

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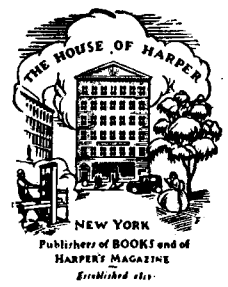

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